AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

JOURNAL,

FROM

October 29, 1762, to *May* 25, 1765.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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FRIDAY, October 29, 1762, I left *Briſtol* and the next day, came to *London*. Monday, November 1, I went down to *Canterbury*. Here I ſeriouſly reflected on ſome late Occurrences, and after weighing the matter thoroughly, wrote as follows:

"Without any preface or ceremony, which is needleſs between you and me, I will ſimply and plainly tell what I diſlike, in your doctrine, ſpirit, or outward behaviour. When I ſay *your's*, I include brother *Bell* and *Owen*, and thoſe who are moſt cloſely connected with them.

1. I like your doctrine of *perfection*, or pure love: love excluding ſin. Your inſiſting that it is merely by *faith*: that conſequently it is *inſtantaneous*, (though preceded and followed by a gradual work) and that it may be *now*, at this inſtant.

But I diſlike, your ſuppoſing man may be as perfect *as an angel*, that he can be *abſolutely* perfect: that he can be *infallible*, or above being

tempted: or, that the moment he is pure in heart, he *cannot fall* from it.

I diſlike the ſaying, This was not known or taught among us, till within two or three years. I grant, *you* did not know it. You have over and over denied inſtantaneous ſanctification to *me*. But I have known and taught it, (and ſo has my brother, as well as our writings ſhew) above theſe twenty years.

I diſlike your directly or indirectly depricating juſtification: ſaying, a juſtified perſon is not *in Chriſt*, is not *born of God*, is not *a new-creature*, has not a *new heart*, is not *ſanctified*, not a *temple of the Holy Ghoſt*; or that he *cannot pleaſe God*, or cannot *grow in grace*.

I diſlike your ſaying, that one ſaved from ſin, needs nothing more than *looking to Jeſus*, needs not to hear or think of any thing elſe: *believe, believe* is enough: that he needs no *ſelf-examination*, no times of *private prayer*; needs not mind *little*, or *outward* things: and that he *cannot be taught* by any perſon, who is not in the ſame ſtate.

I diſlike, your affirming, that juſtified perſons in general perſecute them that are ſaved from ſin; that *they* have perſecuted *you* on *this* account: and that for *two years* paſt, *you* have been more perſecuted by *the two brothers*, than ever you was by the world in all your life."

2. As to your ſpirit, I like your confidence in God, and your zeal for the ſalvation of ſouls.

But I diſlike ſomething which has the appearance of *pride*, of overvaluing yourſelves and undervaluing others: particularly the preachers, thinking not only that they are *blind*, and that they are not ſent of God; but even that they are *dead*; dead to God, and walking in the way to hell: that "they are going *one* way, you *another*;" that "they have *no life* in" them! Your ſpeaking of *yourſelves*, as though *you* were the *only men* who knew and taught the goſpel; and as if, not only

all

all the Clergy, but *all the Methodiſts* beſides, were in utter darkneſs.

I diſlike ſomething that has the appearance of *enthuſiaſm*: overvaluing *feelings* and inward *impreſſions*: miſtaking the mere work of *imagination*, for the voice of the ſpirit: expecting the end without the means, and undervaluing *reaſon*, *knowledge* and *wiſdom* in general.

I diſlike ſomething that has the appearance of *Antinomianiſm*; not magnifying the law and making it honourable: not enough valuing *tenderneſs of conſcience*, and exact *watchfulneſs* in order thereto: uſing *faith* rather as contradiſtinguiſht from *holineſs* than as productive of it.

But what I moſt of all diſlike is, your *littleneſs of love* to your brethren, to your own ſociety: your want of *union of heart* with them, and *bowels of mercies* toward them: your want of *meekneſs*, *gentleneſs*, *long-ſuffering*; your *impatience of contradiction*: your counting every man your enemy that reproves, or admoniſhes you in love: your *bigotry* and *narrowneſs* of ſpirit, loving in a manner only thoſe that love *you*: your *cenſoriouſneſs*, proneneſs to *think hardly* of all, who do not exactly agree with you: in one word, your *diffuſive ſpirit*. Indeed I do not believe, that any of you either deſign or deſire a ſeparation. But you do not enough *fear*, *abhor* and *deteſt* it, ſhuddering at the very thought. And all the preceding tempers tend to it, and gradually prepare you for it. Obſerve I tell you before! God grant you may immediately and affectionately take the warning!

3. As to your outward behaviour, I like the general tenor of your life, devoted to God, and ſpent in doing good.

But I diſlike your ſlighting any, your very leaſt rules of the Bands or Society; and your doing any thing that tends to hinder others, from exactly obſerving them. Therefore

I diſlike

I diſlike your appointing ſuch meetings, as hinder others from attending either the public preaching, or their Claſs or Band; or any other meeting, which the rule of the Society, or their office require to attend.

I diſlike your ſpending ſo *much time* in ſeveral meetings, as many that attend can ill ſpare, from their other duties of their calling, unleſs they omit either the preaching, or their Claſs or Band. This naturally tends to diſſolve our Society, by cutting the ſinews of it.

As to your more public meetings, I like the praying fervently and largely for all the bleſſings of God. And I know much good has been done hereby, and hope much more will be done.

But I diſlike ſeveral things therein: 1. The ſinging, or ſpeaking, or praying, of ſeveral at once: 2. The praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father: 3. The uſing improper expreſſions in prayer: ſometimes too bold, if not irreverent; ſometimes too pompous and magnificent, extolling yourſelves rather than God, and telling him what you *are*, not what you *want*: 4. Uſing poor, flat, bald, hymns: 5. The never kneeling at prayer; 6. Your uſing poſtures or geſtures highly indecent: 7. Your ſcreaming, even ſo as to make the words unintelligible: 8. Your affirming people *will* be juſtified or ſanctified juſt now: 9. The affirming *they are*, when they are not: 10. The bidding them ſay, I believe: 11. The bitterly condemning any that oppoſe, calling them wolves, &c. and pronouncing them hypocrites, or not juſtified.

Read this calmly and impartially before the Lord in prayer. So ſhall the evil ceaſe and the good remain. And you will then be more than ever united to

Your affectionate Brother,

Canterbury, Nov. 2, 1762 J. WESLEY.

Saturday

Saturday 6. Having had more ſatisfaction here, than I had for many years, I chearfully commended the little flock to God. In the way to *London* I read *the Death of Abel*. That manner of writing in *proſe runmad*, I cordially diſlike. Yet with all that diſadvantage, it is excellent in its kind: as much above moſt modern poems, as it is below *Paradiſe Loſt*.

I had hopes of ſeeing a friend at *Lewiſham* in my way. And ſo I did; but it was in her coffin. It is well, ſince ſhe finiſhed her courſe with joy. In due time I ſhall ſee her in glory.

Monday 8. I began viſiting the claſſes; in many of which, we had hot ſpirits to deal with. Some were vehement for, ſome againſt the meetings for prayer, which were in ſeveral parts of the town. I ſaid little; being afraid of taking any ſtep which I might afterwards repent of. One I heard of on Friday, and five on Saturday, who if I did not act as they thought beſt, "would leave the Society." I cannot help it. I muſt ſtill be guided by *my own* conſcience.

Tueſday 16. I preached at *Deptford* and *Walling*, and Wedneſday 17, rode on to *Sevenoaks*. But it was with much difficulty; for it was a ſharp froſt, and our horſes could very hardly keep their feet. Here likewiſe I found ſeveral who believed, that God had *cleanſed* them *from all ſin*. And all of them (except perhaps one) "lived ſo, that one might believe them."

Friday 19. I called upon *Jane Cooper*, praiſing God, in the fire. The next day I ſaw her for the laſt time, *in every thing giving thanks*, and overcoming all by the blood of the Lamb. A day or two after ſhe fell aſleep.

From Monday the 22d, to Friday 26th, I was employed in anſwering the Bp. of *Gloucester's* book. Wedneſday 24, being determined to hear for myſelf, I ſtood where I could hear and ſee, without being ſeen. *George Bell* prayed, in the whole, pretty near an hour. His fervour of ſpirit I could

could not but admire. I afterwards told him what I did not admire: namely, 1. His ſcreaming every now and then in ſo ſtrange a manner, that one could ſcarce tell what he ſaid: 2. His thinking, he had the miraculous diſcernment of ſpirits, and 3. His ſharply condemning his oppoſers.

Thurſday 25. I buried the remains of *Jane Cooper*, a pattern of all holineſs, and of the wiſdom which is from above, who was ſnatched hence before ſhe had lived five and twenty years. In good time! God who knew the tenderneſs of her ſpirit, took her *away from the evil to come*.

Monday 29. I retired to tranſcribe my anſwer to Biſhop *Warburton*. My fragments of time I employed in reading, and carefully conſidering, the lives of *Magdalen de Pazzi*, and ſome other eminent *Romiſh* ſaints. I could not but obſerve, that many things related therein, are highly improbable. I fear the relators did not ſcruple lying *for the Church*, or for the credit of their order. 2. That many of their reputed virtues, were really no virtues at all; being no fruits of the love of God or man, and no part of the mind which was in Chriſt Jeſus: 3. Yet many of their applauded actions were neither commendable nor imitable: 4. That what was really good in their tempers or lives, was ſo deeply tinctured with enthuſiaſm, that moſt readers would be far more likely to receive hurt than good from theſe accounts of them.

Saturday 4. At the deſire of Mr. *M*, and *the ſeeming* deſire of themſelves, I baptized two foreigners, (one of them in a *Turkiſh* habit) who profeſſed themſelves to have been *Turks*. On this I then remarked, "They *may be* what they profeſs: but I wait for further evidence. Their ſtory is extremely plauſible: it may be true, or it may not."

Sunday 5. To take away one ground of contention from many well meaning people, in preaching on, *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of muſtard*

muſtard-ſeed, I endeavoured to ſhew at large, in what ſenſe ſanctification is gradual, and in what ſenſe it is inſtantaneous. And (for the preſent at leaſt) many were delivered from vain reaſonings and diſputings.

Monday 6. and the following days I corrected the Notes upon the *Revelation*. O how little do we *know* of this deep book! At leaſt, how little do *I* know? I can barely conjecture, not affirm any one point, concerning that part of it which is yet unfulfilled.

Wedneſday 8. I had a ſecond opportunity of hearing *George Bell*. "I believe part of what he ſaid, was from God (this was my reflection *at that time*) part from an heated imagination. But as he did not *ſcream*, and there was nothing dangerouſly wrong, I do not yet ſee cauſe to hinder him."

All this time I obſerved a few of our brethren were diligently, propagating that principle, "That none can teach thoſe who are renewed in love, unleſs he be in the ſtate himſelf." I ſaw the tendency of this: but I ſaw that violent remedies would not avail.

Monday 13. I mentioned this to ſome of my friends, and told them, what would be the conſequence. But they could not believe it. So I let it reſt: only deſiring them, to remember, I had told them before.

Sunday 19. From *Matt.* xviii. 3. I endeavoured to ſhew thoſe, who uſe the word without underſtanding it, what *Chriſtian ſimplicity* properly is; and what it is not. It is not ignorance or folly: it is not enthuſiaſm, or credulity. It is faith, humility, willingneſs to be taught, and freedom from evil reaſonings.

Tueſday 21. I had an opportunity of looking over the regiſter of St. *Luke's* hoſpital. And I was ſurprized to obſerve, That three in four (at leaſt) of thoſe who were admitted, received a

cure.

cure. I doubt this is not the caſe of any other lunatic hoſpital, either in *Great Britain* or *Ireland*.

Wedneſday 22. I heard *George Bell* once more, and was convinced he muſt not continue to pray at the Foundery. The reproach of Chriſt I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthuſiaſm, if I can help it.

Saturday 25. We met at the chappel in *Spital-fields*, to renew our covenant with God. And he did indeed appear in the midſt of the congregation, and anſwer as it were by fire.

Sunday 26. That I might do nothing haſtily, I permitted *G. Bell* to be once more, (this evening) at the chappel in *Weſt-ſtreet*, and once more, (on Wedneſday evening) at the Foundery. But it was worſe and worſe. He now ſpoke as from God, what I knew God had not ſpoken. I therefore deſired, that he would come thither no more.

I well hoped this would a little repreſs the impetuoſity of a few good, but miſtaken men: eſpecially conſidering the caſe of *Benjamin Harris*, the moſt impetuous of them all. A week or two ago, as he was working in his garden, he was ſtruck raving mad. He continued ſo till Tueſday, December 21, when he lay ſtill and ſenſible: but could not ſpeak till on Wedneſday morning his ſpirit returned to God.

Friday 31. I now ſtood and looked back on the paſt year: a year of uncommon trials and uncommon bleſſings. Abundance have been convinced of ſin: very many have found peace with God. And in *London* only, I believe full two hundred have been brought into glorious liberty. And yet I have had more care and trouble in ſix months, than in ſeveral years preceding. What the end will be, I know not. But it is enough that God knoweth.

Saturday, January 1, 1763. A woman told me, "Sir, I employ ſeveral men. Now if one of my

my ſervants will not follow my direction, is it not right for me to diſcard him at once? Pray do *you* apply this to Mr. *Bell.*" I anſwered, "It is right, to diſcard ſuch a *ſervant.* But what would you do, if he were your *ſon?*"

Wedneſday 3. Having procured one who underſtood *Spaniſh* to interpret, I had a long converſation with the ſuppoſed Turks. One account they gave of themſelves then: a ſecond they ſoon after gave to Mrs. *G.* I obſerved the account now given, which I read over to them, in ſome particulars differed from both. This increaſed my fear; though I ſtill hoped the beſt; till Mr. *B.* procured a Jew to talk with them, who underſtood both *Turkiſh* and *Spaniſh:* upon whoſe queſtioning them thoroughly, they contradicted all the accounts given before. And upon the elders mentioning *Solomon Selim,* a *Jewiſh* merchant of *Amſterdam,* one who knew him, wrote to *Solomon* about him: who anſwered, "he had known him upwards of fourteen years; that he was a *Spaniſh* Jew, a phyſician by profeſſion: that ſome years ſince he had cured him of a dangerous illneſs: in gratitude for which he had given him ten pounds, to carry him over to *England.*"

Friday 7. I deſired *George Bell* with two or three of his friends, to meet me with one or two others. We took much pains to convince him of his miſtakes, particularly that which he had lately adopted, "That the end of the world was to be on February the 28th," which at firſt he had earneſtly withſtood. But we could make no impreſſion upon him at all. He was as unmoved as a rock.

Sunday 9. I endeavoured (from 1 *Cor.* xii. 11. and the following verſes,) to guard the ſincere againſt all thoughts of ſeparating from the brethren, by ſhewing what need all the members of the body have of each other. But thoſe who wanted the caution moſt, turned all into poiſon.

Monday

Monday 10. I rode to *Shoreham*, and paid the laſt office of love to Mrs. *Perronet*. Wedneſday 12. I returned to *London*, and the next day ſtrongly inforced on a large congregation at the *Foundery*, the words of *Iſaiah* (never more needful) *He that believeth ſhall not make haſte.*

Monday 17. I rode to *Lewiſham*, and wrote my ſermon, to be preached before the Society for reformation of manners. Sunday 23. In order to check, if not ſtop a growing evil, I preached on *Judge not, that ye be not judged.* But it had juſt the contrary effect on many, who conſtrued it into a ſatire upon *G. Bell:* one of whoſe friends ſaid, "If the devil himſelf had been in the pulpit, he would not have preached ſuch a ſermon."

All this time I did not want information from all quarters, "That Mr. *M.* was at the bottom of all this: that he was the life of the cauſe: yet he was continually ſpiriting up all with whom he was intimate againſt me: that he told them, I was not capable of teaching them, and inſinuated, that none was but himſelf; and that the inevitable conſequence muſt be, a diviſion in the Society."

Yet I was not without hope, that by bearing all things, I ſhould overcome evil with good, till on Tueſday 25, while I was ſitting with many of our brethren, Mrs. *Coventry* (then quite intimate with Mr. *M.*) came in, threw down her ticket, with thoſe of her huſband, daughters, and ſervants, and ſaid, "They would hear *two doctrines* no longer." They had often ſaid before, "Mr. *M.* preached *perfection;* but Mr. *W.* pulled it down." So I did, that perfection of *Benjamin Harris*, *G. Bell*, and all who abetted them. So the breach is made! The water is let out. Let thoſe who can, gather it up.

I think it was on Friday the 28th that I received a letter from *John Fox*, and another from *John* and *Elizabeth Dixon*, declaring the ſame thing. Friday, February 4. *Daniel Owens* and *G. Bell*

Bell told me, "They ſhould ſtay in the ſociety no longer. The next day *Robert Lee*, with five or ſix of his friends ſpake to the ſame effect.

I now ſeriouſly conſidered, whether it was in my power to have prevented this? I did not ſee that it was: for though I had heard from time to time many objections to Mr. *M's* conduct, there was no poſſibility of clearing them up. Above a year ago I deſired him to meet me with ſome that accuſed him, that I might hear them face to face. But his anſwer was as follows.

Dec. 28, 1761.

"I have conſidered the thing, ſince you ſpoke to me about meeting at Mrs. *March's*. And I do not think to be there, or to meet them at any time. It is enough that I was arraigned at the conference." (At which I earneſtly defended him, and ſilenced all his accuſers.) "I am not convinced, that it is my duty, to make *James Morgan*, *&c.* my judges. If you, Sir, or any one of them have any thing to ſay to me *alone*, I will anſwer as far as I ſee good!

The next month I wrote to him a long letter, telling him mildly all I heard or feared concerning him. He took it as a deep affront; and in conſequence thereof wrote as follows:

Jan. 14, 1762.

——"If you call me proud or humble, angry or meek, it ſeems to ſit much the ſame on my heart. If you call me John or Judas, Moſes or Korah, I am content.—As to a ſeparation, I have no ſuch thought, if you have, and now (as it were) ſqueeze blood out of a ſtone, be it to yourſelf."—

Several months after hearing ſome rumours, I again wrote to him freely. In his anſwer were the following words.

Sept. 23, 1762.

——"Experience teaches me daily, that they that preach *ſalvation from the nature of ſin*, will have the ſame treatment from others as they

had and have from the world. But I am willing to bear it."

"Your brother is gone out of town. Had he ſtayed much longer, and continued, Sunday after Sunday, to hinder me from preaching, he would have forced me to have got a place to preach in, where I ſhould not have heard what I think the higheſt truths contradicted."——

In his next letter he explained himſelf a little farther.

Oct. 16. 1762.

——"We have great oppoſition on every ſide. Nature, the world, and the devil will never be reconciled to Chriſtian perfection. But the great wonder is, that Chriſtians will not be reconciled to it: all, almoſt every one who call themſelves Miniſters of Chriſt, or Preachers of Chriſt, contend for ſin to remain in the heart as long as we live, as though it were the only thing Chriſt delighted to behold in his members.

"I long to have *your* heart ſet at full liberty. I know you will *then ſee things* in a wonderful different light, from what it is *poſſible* to *ſee them before*."——

The day after the firſt ſeparation, viz, Jan. 26, I wrote him the following note.

My Dear Brother,

"For many years, I, and all the Preachers in connection with me have taught, That every believer may and ought to grow in grace. Lately you have taught or ſeemed to teach the contrary. The effect of this is, when I ſpeak as I have done from the beginning, thoſe who believe what *you* ſay will not bear it. Nay, they will renounce connexion with us: as Mr. and Mrs. *Coventry* did laſt night. This breach lies wholly upon *you*. You have contradicted what I taught from the beginning. Hence it is, that many cannot bear it, but when I ſpeak as I always have done, they ſeparate from the Society. Is this for *your* honour, or to the glory of God?

"O Tommy,

"O Tommy, ſeek counſel, not from man but God; not from brother *B*—, but Jeſus Chriſt!

I am,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

Things now ripened apace for a farther ſeparation: to prevent which, (if it were poſſible) I deſired all our Preachers, as they had time, to be preſent at all meetings, when I could not myſelf, particularly at the Friday meeting, in the chappel at *Weſt-Street*. At this Mr. *M.* was highly offended, and wrote to me as follows.

Feb. 5, 1763.

"I wrote to you, to aſk if thoſe who before met at brother *Guilford's* might not meet in the chappel. Soon after you came to town, the Preachers were brought into the meeting, though you told me again and again, they ſhould not come." (True; but ſince I ſaid this, there has been an entire change in the ſituation of things.) "Had I known this I would rather have paid for a room, out of my own pocket. I am not ſpeaking of the people that met at the Foundery before: though I let ſome of them come to that meeting. ——If you intend to have the preachers there to watch, and others that *I think very unfit*, and will not give me liberty to give leave, to ſome that *I think fit* to be there, I ſhall not think it my duty to meet them."——So from this time he kept a ſeparate meeting elſewhere.

Sunday 6. Knowing many were greatly tempted on occaſion of theſe occurrences, I preached on 1 *Cor.* 10. 13. *God is faithful who will not ſuffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with every temptation alſo make a way to eſcape, that ye may be able to bear it.* In the evening we had a love-feaſt, at which many ſpoke with all ſimplicity. And their words were like fire. I hardly know when we have had ſo refreſhing a ſeaſon.

Monday 7. One who is very intimate with them, that had left us, told me in plain terms, "Sir, the caſe lies here: they ſay, *you* are only an hypocrite, and *therefore* they can have no fellowſhip with you."

So now the wonder is over. Firſt, it was *revealed* to them, that *all the people* were dead to God. Then they *ſaw*, that *all the Preachers* were ſo too: only for a time they excepted *me*. At laſt they *diſcern* me to be *blind and dead* too. Now let him help it that can!

Thurſday 10. I rode to *Brentford*, expecting to find ſome diſagreeable work there alſo. But I was happily diſappointed. Not one ſeemed inclined to leave the Society, and ſome were added to it. And the congregation was not only quiet, but more deeply attentive than is uſual in this place.

Hence I rode on Friday 11, to *Shoreham*, and buried the remains of Mrs. *P.* who after a long, diſtreſſing illneſs, on Saturday the 5th inſtant, fell aſleep.

Saturday 12. I viſited the claſſes at *Snowfields*, where I was told, many would go away. But the time is not come. As yet we have loſt none: though ſome are held as by a ſingle hair.

Tueſday 15. I rode to *Deptford*, and found the Society there united in faith and love. During the ſermon in the afternoon, one poor mourner found peace with God. In the evening I preached at *Walling*, and on Thurſday 17, rode on to *Sevenoaks*. Here I was grieved to find one who *did run well*, quite hardened by the deceitfulneſs of ſin. But in the evening, God looked upon him once more, and melted him into tears of love.

Thurſday 17. Light from above broke into the heart of another hard-hearted ſinner. At the ſame time many were delivered from doubts and fears, and *knew the things which were freely given them of God*. On Friday, I returned to *London*.

Monday,

Monday 21. Obſerving the terror occaſioned by that wonderful prophecy to ſpread far and wide, I endeavoured to draw ſome good therefrom, by ſtrongly exhorting the congregation at *Wapping*, to *ſeek the Lord while he might be found*. But at the ſame time I thought it incumbent upon me to declare, (as indeed I had done from the hour I heard it) that "it *muſt* be falſe, if the Bible be true."

The three next days I ſpent in the tedious work of tranſcribing the names of the Society. I found, about thirty of thoſe who thought they were ſaved from ſin, had ſeparated from their brethren. But above four hundred, who witneſſed the ſame confeſſion ſeemed more united than ever.

Monday 28. Preaching in the evening at *Spitalfields*, on *Prepare to meet thy God*, I largely ſhewed the utter abſurdity of the ſuppoſition, that the world would be at an end that night. But notwithſtanding all I could ſay, many were afraid to go to bed, and ſome wandered about in the fields, being perſuaded, that if the world did not end, at leaſt *London* would be ſwallowed up by an earthquake. I went to bed at my uſual time, and was faſt aſleep about ten o'clock.

Monday, *March* 8. I took the machine for *Norwich*, and after ſpending a few quiet, comfortable days, in *Norwich*, *Yarmouth*, and *Colcheſter*, without any jar or contention, on Saturday the 19th returned to *London*.

Monday 28. I retired to *Lewiſham*, and wrote the ſermon on *ſin in believers*, in order to remove a miſtake, which ſome were labouring to propagate, That there is no ſin in any that are juſtified.

Monday, *April* 11. Leaving things as I thought tolerably well ſettled in *London*, I took the machine for *Briſtol*, where on Tueſday 19, I paid the laſt office of love to *Nicholas Gilbert*, who was a good man, and an excellent preacher; and likely to have been of great uſe. But God ſaw

it beſt to ſnatch him hence by a fever, in the dawn of his uſefulneſs.

Saturday 23. I returned to *London*. On Thurſday 28, I was at *Weſtminſter*, where I had appointed to preach, when word was brought me, about five in the afternoon, "That Mr. *M—d would not* preach at the Foundery." So the breach is made. But I am clear. I have done all I poſſibly could to prevent it. I walked immediately away and preached myſelf on, *If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*

That I may conclude this melancholy ſubject at once, I have no need to reſume it any more, I add a letter which I wrote ſome time after, for the information of a friend.

"At your inſtance I undertake the irkſome taſk of looking back upon things which I wiſh to forget for ever. I have had innumerable proofs, (though ſuch as it would now be an endleſs taſk to collect together) of all the facts which I recite. And I recite them as poſſible, becauſe I do not deſire to aggravate any thing, but barely to place it in a true light.

1. Mr. *Maxfield* was juſtified, while I was praying with him, in *Baldwin-ſtreet, Briſtol.*

2. Not long after he was employed by me, as a Preacher, in *London.*

3. Hereby he had acceſs to Mrs. *Maxfield*, whom otherwiſe he was never likely to ſee, much leſs to marry; from whence all his outward proſperity had its riſe.

4. He was by *me* (by thoſe who did it at *my* inſtance) recommended to the Biſhop of D—, to be ordained Prieſt, who told him then, (I had it from his own mouth) "Mr. *M*—, I ordain *you*, to aſſiſt that good man, that he may not work himſelf to death."

5. When a few years ago many cenſured him much, I continually and ſtrenuouſly defended him; though to the diſguſting ſeveral of the preachers, and a great number of the people.

6. I diſguſted

6. I diſguſted them, not barely by defending him, but by commending him in ſtrong terms, from time to time, both in public and private, with regard to his uprightneſs, as well as uſefulneſs.

7. All this time Mr. *M*— was complaining (of which I was frequently informed by thoſe to whom he ſpoke) That "he was never ſo ill repreſented by the rabble in *Cornwall*, as by *me* and my brother."

8. Four or five years ſince, a few perſons were appointed to meet weekly at the Foundery. When I left *London*, I left theſe under Mr. *M's* care, deſiring them, "To regard *him* juſt as they did *me*."

9. Not long after I was gone, ſome of theſe had dreams, viſions or impreſſions, as they thought, from God. Mr. *M.* did not put a ſtop to theſe. Rather he encouraged them.

10. When I returned, I oppoſed them with my might, and in a ſhort time, heard no more of them. Meanwhile I defended and commended Mr. *M.* as before, and when I left the town again, left them again under his care.

11. Preſently viſions and revelations returned, Mr. *M.* did not diſcourage them. Herewith was now joined a contempt of ſuch as had them not, with a belief that they were proofs of the higheſt grace.

12. Some of our Preachers oppoſed him roughly. At this they took fire, and refuſed to hear them preach, but crouded after Mr. *M.* He took no pains to quench the fire, but rather availed himſelf of it, to diſunite them from other preachers, and attach them to himſelf. He likewiſe continually told them, "They were not to be *taught by man*, eſpecially by thoſe who had *leſs grace than themſelves*." I was told of this likewiſe from time to time. But he denied it. And I would not believe evil of *my friend*.

13. When

13. When I returned in October, 1763, I found the Society in an uproar, and ſeveral of Mr. *M's* moſt intimate friends, formed into a detached body. Enthuſiaſm, pride and great uncharitableneſs appeared, in many who once had much grace. I very tenderly reproved them. They would not bear it. One of them, Mrs. *C.* cried out, "we will not be brow-beaten any longer: we will *throw of the maſk.*" Accordingly a few days after ſhe came, and before an hundred perſons brought me her's and her huſband's tickets, and ſaid, Sir, we will have no more to do with *you:* Mr. *M.* is our teacher." Soon after ſeveral more left the Society, (one of whom was *George Bell;*) ſaying, *blind John* is not capable of teaching *us:* we will keep to Mr. *M.*"

14. From the time that I heard of *George Bell's* prophecy, I explicitly declared againſt it, both in private in the Society, in preaching, over and over: and at length in the public papers. Mr. *M.* made no ſuch declaration: I have reaſon to think he believed it. I know, many of his friends did, and ſeveral of them ſat up the laſt of February, at the houſe of his moſt intimate friend, Mr. *Biggs*, in full expectation of the accompliſhment.

15. About this time, one of our ſtewards, who at *my deſire*, took the chappel at *Snowfields for my uſe*, ſent me word "The chappel was *his*, and Mr. *Bell* ſhould exhort there, whether I would or no." Upon this, I deſired the next Preacher there, to inform the congregation, "That while things ſtood thus, neither I nor our preachers could in conſcience preach there any more."

16. Nevertheleſs Mr. *M.* did preach there. On this I ſent him a note, deſiring him, not to do it: and adding, "If you do, you thereby renounce connection with *me.*"

17. Receiving this he ſaid, "I *will* preach at *Snowfields.*" He did ſo, and *thereby* renounced connexion. On *this* point and no other we divided,

divided. By *this* act the knot was cut. Reſolving to do this, he told Mr. *Clementſon*, "I am to preach at the Foundery no more."

18. From this time he has ſpoke all manner of evil of *me*, his father, his friend, his greateſt earthly benefactor. I cite Mr. *F*— for one witneſs of this, and Mr. *M*— for another. Did he ſpeak evil of me to M. F— one day only? Nay, but every day for ſix weeks together. To Mr. *M*—*n* he ſaid, (among a thouſand other things, which he had been twenty years raking together) Mr. *W. believed and countenanced all* which Mr. *Bell* ſai'. And the *reaſon* of our parting was *this*. He ſaid to me one day, "Tommy I will tell the people, you are the greateſt goſpel-preacher in *England*. And you ſhall tell them I am the greateſt. *For refuſing to do this*, Mr. *W.* put me away!"

Now with perfect calmneſs, and I verily think, without the leaſt touch of prejudice, I refer it to your own judgment, what connection I ought to have with Mr. *M.* either till I am ſatisfied, theſe things are not ſo; or till he is thoroughly ſenſible of his fault."

Monday, May 2. and the following days, I was fully employed in viſiting the Society, and ſettling the minds of thoſe who had been confuſed and diſtreſt by a thouſand miſrepreſentations. Indeed a flood of calumny and evil-ſpeaking, (as was eaſily foreſeen) was poured out on every ſide. My point was ſtill, to go ſtrait forward in the work whereto I am called.

Monday 16. Setting out a month later than uſual, I judged it needful to make the more haſte. So I took poſt-chaiſes, and by that means eaſily reached *Newcaſtle*, on Wedneſday 18. Thence I went on at leiſure and came to *Edinburgh*, on Saturday 21. The next day I had the ſatisfaction of ſpending a little time with Mr. *Whitefield*. Humanly ſpeaking, he is worne out. But we have to do with him, who hath all power in heaven and earth.

Monday

Monday 23. I rode to *Forfar*, and on Tueſday the 24th rode on to *Aberdeen*.

Wedneſday 25. I enquired into the ſtate of things here. Surely never was there a more open door. The four Miniſters of *Aberdeen*, the Miniſter of the adjoining town, and the three Miniſters of *Old-Aberdeen*, hitherto ſeem to have no diſlike, but rather to *wiſh* us *good luck in the name of the Lord*. Moſt of the town's people as yet ſeem to wiſh us well, ſo that there is no open oppoſition of any kind. O what ſpirit ought a preacher to be of, that he may be able to bear all this ſun-ſhine!

About noon I went to *Gordon's* Hoſpital, built near the town for poor children. It is an exceeding handſome building, and (what is not common) kept exceeding clean. The gardens are pleaſant, well laid out, and in extremely good order. But the old batchelor who founded it, has expreſsly provided, That no woman ſhould ever be there.

At ſeven, the evening being fair and mild, I preached to a multitude of people in the College-cloſe, on *Stand in the ways and ſee, and aſk for the old paths*. But the next evening the weather being raw and cold, I preached in the College-hall. What an amazing willingneſs to hear, runs through this whole kingdom! There wants only a few zealous, active labourers, who deſire nothing but God, and they might ſoon carry the goſpel through all this country, even as high as the *Orkneys*.

Friday 27. I ſet out for *Edinburgh* again. About one I preached at *Brechin*. All were deeply attentive. Perhaps a few may not be forgetful hearers. Afterwards we rode on to *Broughly-Caſtle*, two or three miles below *Dundee*. We were in hopes of paſſing the river here, though we could not at the town. But we found our horſes could not paſs, till eleven or twelve at night. So we judged, it would be beſt, to go over ourſelves,

and

and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a *London* Wherry, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off, I perceived it leaked on all ſides, nor had we any thing to lade out the water. When we came towards the middle of the river, which was three miles over, the wind being high, and the water rough, our boatmen ſeemed a little ſurprized. But we encouraged them to *pull away*, and in leſs than half an hour, we landed ſafe. Our horſes were brought after us. And the next day we rode on to *Kinghorn-Ferry*, and had a pleaſant paſſage to *Leith*.

Sunday 29. I preached at ſeven in the high-ſchool-yard at *Edinburgh*. It being the time of the general aſſembly, which drew together, not the miniſters only, but abundance of the nobility and gentry, many of both ſorts were preſent: but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I ſpake as plain as ever I did in my life. But I never knew any in *Scotland* offended at *plain-dealing*. In this reſpect the *North-Britons* are a pattern to all mankind.

Monday 30. I rode to *Dunbar*. In the evening it was very cold, and the wind was exceeding high. Nevertheleſs I would not pen myſelf up in the room, but reſolved to preach in the open air. We ſaw the fruit: many attended, notwithſtanding the cold, who never ſet foot in the room. And I am ſtill perſuaded, much good will be done here, if we have zeal and patience.

Tueſday 31. I rode to *Alnwick*, and was much refreſhed, among a people, who have not the form only, but the ſpirit of religion, fellowſhip with God, the living power of faith divine. Wedneſday, June 1. I went on to *Morpeth*, and preached in a ground near the town, to far the moſt ſerious congregation which I had ever ſeen there. At one I preached to the loving

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Colliers in *Placey*, and in the evening at *Newcaſtle*.

Saturday 3. I rode, though much out of order, to *Sunderland*, and preached in the evening at the room. I was much worſe in the night, but toward morning fell into a ſound ſleep, and was refreſhed. Sunday 4. I deſigned to preach abroad this morning; but the wind and rain hindered. So at eight I preached in the room again, purpoſing to preach in the ſtreet at noon. But Mr. *G.* ſent me word, "He was taken ill in the night, and begged I would ſupply his Church. So at ten I began reading prayers; though was ſo exceeding weak, that my voice could ſcarce be heard. But as I went on, I grew ſtronger, and before I had half done preaching, I ſuppoſe all in the church could hear.

The wind drove us into the houſe at *Newcaſtle* likewiſe, that is, as many as the houſe would contain. But great numbers were conſtrained to ſtand in the yard. However, I ſuppoſed all could hear. For my weakneſs was entirely gone, while I was inforcing thoſe important words, *If thou canſt beliieve, all things are poſſible to him that believeth.*

Monday 5. I rode to *Barnard-Caſtle* and preached in the evening, but to ſuch a congregation, not only with reſpect to number, but to ſerioufneſs and compoſure, as I never ſaw there before. I intended after preaching to meet the Society: but the bulk of the people were ſo eager to hear more, that I could not forbear letting in almoſt as many as the room would hold. And it was a day of God's power. They all ſeemed to take the kingdom by violence, while they beſieged heaven with vehement prayer.

Tueſday 6. So deep and general was the impreſſion now made upon the people, that even at five in the morning I was obliged to preach abroad, by the numbers who flocked to hear, although the Northerly wind occaſioned the air to be

be exceeding sharp. A little after preaching one came to me who believed God had just set her soul at full liberty. She had been clearly justified long before; but said, "The change she now experienced, was extremely different from what she experienced then, as different as the noonday-light from that of day-break. That she now felt her soul all-love, and quiet swallowed up in God." Now suppose, ten weeks or ten months hence, this person should be cold or dead: shall I say, "She *deceived* herself; this was merely the work of her own *imagination*?" Not at all: I have no right to judge nor authority to speak. I will rather say, she was *unfaithful* to the grace of God, and so *cast away* what was *really given*.

Therefore that way of talking which has been very common of "staying to see, if the gift be really given," which some take to be exceeding wise, I take to be exceeding foolish. If a man says, "I now feel nothing but love," and I know him to be an honest man, I believe him. What then should I "stay to see?" Not whether he *has* such a blessing: but whether he will *keep* it.

There is something remarkable in the manner wherein God revived his work in those parts. A few months ago the generality of people in this circuit were exceeding lifeless. *Samuel Meggot* observing this, advised the Society at *Barnard-castle*, to observe every Friday with fasting and prayer. The very first Friday they met together, God broke in upon them in a wonderful manner. And his work has been increasing among them ever since. The neighbouring Societies heard of this agreed to follow the same rule, and soon experienced the same blessing. Is not the neglect of this plain duty, I mean, fasting, ranked by our Lord with almsgiving and prayer, one general occasion of deadness among Christians? Can any one willingly neglect it, and be guiltless?

In the evening I preached at *Yarm*. But I found the good doctrine of Christian Perfection, had not

been heard of there for some time. The wildness of our poor brethren in *London*, has put it out of countenance about two hundred miles off. So these strange advocates *for* perfection have given it a deeper wound, than all its enemies together could do.

Wednesday 8. Just as I began preaching, (in the open air, the room being too small even for the morning congregation) the rain began. But it stopped in two or three minutes, I am persuaded, in answer to the prayer of faith. Incidents of the same kind I have seen abundance of times, and particularly in this journey. And they are nothing strange to them who seriously believe, *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

After preaching at *Potto* about noon, I rode to *Thirsk*, intending to preach near the house where I alighted. But several gentlemen of the town, sent to desire, I would preach in the market-place. I did so, to a numerous congregation, most of whom where deeply attentive. I hastened away after preaching, and between nine and ten came to *York*.

Saturday 11. I rode to *Epworth*, and preached at seven in the market-place. Sunday 12. I preached in the room in the morning, in the afternoon, at the market-place, and about one, to the congregation gathered from all parts, in *Haxey* parish, near *Westwoodside*. At every place I endeavoured to settle the minds of the poor people, who had been not a little harrassed, by a new doctrine, which honest *Jonathan C——*, and his converts had industriously propagated among them, "That there is *no sin* in believers, but the moment we believe, sin is destroyed root and branch." I trust, this plague also is stayed. But how ought those unstable ones to be ashamed who are so easily *tost about by every wind of doctrine?*

I had

I had desired *Samuel Magget*, to give me some farther account of the late work of God at *Barnard-castle*. Part of his answer was as follows.

June 7, 1768.

"Within ten weeks, at least twenty persons in this town have found peace with God, and twenty-eight the pure love of God. This morning, before you left us, one found peace, and one the second blessing; and after you was gone, two more received it. One of these had belonged to the Society before; but after he turned back, had bitterly persecuted his wife, particularly after she professed the being saved from sin. May 29, he came in a furious rage, to drag her out of the Society. One cried out, "Let us go to prayer for him." Presently he run away, and his wife went home. Not long after he came in, like a madman, and swore, he would be the death of her. One said, "Are you not afraid lest God should smite you?" He answered, "No, let God do his worst. I will make an end of her, and the brats, and myself too, and we will all go to hell together." His wife and children fell down, and broke out into prayer. His countenance changed, and he was quiet as a lamb. But it was not long, before an horrible dread overwhelmed him: He was sore distressed. The hand of God was upon him, and gave him no rest, day or night. On Tuesday in the afternoon he went to her who prayed for him when he came to drag his wife out begging her with a shower of tears, to pray for his deliverance. On Thursday he wrestled with God, till he was as wet all over with sweat, as if he had been dipped in water. But that evening God wiped away his tears, and filled him with joy unspeakable."

"This morning, while brother *Story* was at prayer, God gave him a witness in himself, that he had purified his heart. When he was risen from his knees, he could not help declaring it. He now ran to his wife, not to kill her, but to

catch her in his arms, that they might praise God, and weep over one another with tears of joy and love."

Monday 13. Even in *Epworth* a few faithful servants of Satan were left, who would not leave any stone unturned, to support his tottering kingdom. A kind of gentleman got a little party together, and took huge pains to disturb the congregation. He hired a company of boys to shout, and made a poor man exceeding drunk, who bawled out much ribaldry and nonsense, while he himself played the *French-horn*. But he had little fruit of his labour. I spoke a few words to this champion, and he disappeared. The congregation was not at all disturbed, but quietly attended to the end.

Wednesday 15, I rode to *Doncaster*, and at ten standing in an open place, exhorted a wild, yet civil multitude, *To seek the Lord, while he might be found*. Thence I went on to *Leeds*, and declared to a large congregation, *Now is the day of salvation*. Thursday 16, at five in the evening I preached at *Dewsbury*, and on Friday 17, reached *Manchester*. Here I received a particular account of a remarkable incident. An eminent drunkard of *Congleton*, used to divert himself, whenever there was preaching there by standing over against the house, curfing and swearing at the preacher. One evening he had a fancy to step in, and "hear what the man had to say." He did so; but it made him so uneasy, that he could not sleep all night. In the morning he was more uneasy still: he walked in the fields, but all in vain, till it came in his mind to go to one of his merry companions, who was always ready to abuse the *Methodists*. He told him how he was, and asked what he should do? "Do said *Samuel*: go and join the Society. I will; for I was never so uneasy in my life." They did so without delay. But presently *David* cried out, "I am sorry I joined; for I shall get drunk again, and they will

turn

turn me out." However he ſtood firm for four days. On the fifth he was perſuaded by his old companions to "take one pint," and then another and another, till one of them ſaid, "See, here is a *Methodiſt* drunk!" *David* ſtarted up, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the reſt out of the houſe, caught the landlady, carried her out, threw her in the kennel; went back to the houſe, broke down the door, threw it into the ſtreet, and then ran into the fields, tore his hair, and rolled up and down on the ground. In a day or two was a love-feaſt: he ſtole in, getting behind, that none might ſee him. While Mr. *Furz* was at prayer, he was ſeized with a dreadful agony both of body and mind. This cauſed many to wreſtle with God for him. In a while he ſprung up on his feet, ſtretched out his hands and cried aloud, "All my ſins are forgiven!" At the ſame inſtant, one on the other ſide of the room cried out, "Jeſus is mine! And he has taken away all my ſins." This was *Samuel H. David* burſt through the people, caught him in his arms and ſaid, "Come, let us ſing the Virgin *Mary's* ſong: I *never could ſing it before*, "*My ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.*" And their following behaviour plainly ſhewed the reality of their profeſſion.

Saturday 18. I found the work of God was ſtill greatly increaſing here: although many ſtumbling blocks had been thrown in the way, and ſome by thoſe who were once ſtrong in grace. But this is no wonder: I rather wonder, that there are not abundantly more. And ſo there would be, but that Satan is not able to go beyond his chain.

Monday 20. I preached at *Maxfield* about noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren inſiſted on ſending me in a chaiſe to *Borſlem*. Between four and five I quitted the chaiſe and took my horſe. Preſently after,

hearing a cry, I looked back, and saw the chaise upside down (the wheel having violently struck against a stone) and well-nigh dashed it in pieces. About seven I preached to a large congregation at *Borslem*: these poor potters four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the colliers in *Kingswood*. Lord, thou hast *power over thy own clay*.

Tuesday 22. I rode to *Birmingham*, and on Thursday to *Towcester*. I would willingly have rested there: but our brethren desiring me to go a little farther, I walked on (about three miles) to *Whittlebury*. Here I found a truly loving and simple people. I preached at the side of the new preaching house: I suppose most of the town were present. Friday 24. I took horse early, and in the afternoon came once more safe to *London*.

About this time I received the following letter.

"God is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever! he was, is, and will be *all in all!* Being a *minute* part of the *whole*, let me consider myself *alone*. Where was I before my parents were born? In the *mind* of him who is *all in all*. It was God that gave me a being amongst the *human* race. He appointed the *country* in which I should begin my existence. My *parents* were also his choice. Their *situation* in mind, body, and estate was fully known to him. My parents are answerable for my education in infancy. My *capacity* was from above. That I improved so little was mostly owing to my connexions; but partly to my own inattention or idleness. In most things whilst an infant, whether good or evil, I was certainly *passive*, i. e. I was instructed or led by others, and so acted right or wrong. In all the incidents of life, whether sickness, health, escapes, crosses, spiritual or temporal advantages or disadvantages, I can trace *nothing* of *myself* during my childhood. And till I became a subject to my *own will* perhaps I was innocent in the eyes of

infinite

infinite juſtice: for the blood of Jeſus Chriſt certainly cleanſeth from all original ſin, and preſents all *ſpotleſs*, who die free from the guilt of actual tranſgreſſion.

At what time I became a ſubject to my *own will*, I cannot aſcertain; but from that time in many things I *offended*. Firſt, againſt my *parents*; next againſt God! And that I was preſerved from outward evils, was not owing to the *purity of my own will*; but the grace of Chriſt overruling and preventing me.

My *natural will* ever cleaved to *evil*: and if I had ever any *good* in me, it came from above. What is *good nature* is a divine gift and not from the corrupt root. My *will* could not produce good, and in various inſtances it was in a manner annihilated, before *grace* could fix any good in me. In other words, my *will* acts from the motions of *old Adam* where I tranſgreſs; but what is good in me is from the grace of Chriſt working, whilſt my *own will* is made *paſſive* or *unreſiſting*. Thus my life has been ſo far holy, as I gave up my *own will* and lived in God, who is *all in all*.

From the time I could ſin, I trace the divine goodneſs, in preſerving me from innumerable evils, into which my own will would have led me. The unknown temptations and evils perhaps are infinitely more numerous than the *known*. If my *will* was only *not reſiſting*, when I received or did any good, how little was it concerned in my conviction, my converſion, my peace and the ſphere of life I engaged in after receiving ſuch divine bleſſings? My concern about my ſoul's welfare, the *time* of my converſion, the *miniſters* raiſed up to be the inſtruments of it, the place of my firſt hearing the goſpel, and various other circumſtances, that inſtrumentally brought about thoſe great and bleſſed events in my life were no more from any thing in myſelf, than my birth and education.

education. Rather, *my will* was overpowered, and grace triumphed over it.

From these reflections I conclude, that whatever blessings I have enjoyed as to parents, country, education, employments, conversion, connexions in life, or any exterior or interior circumstance—All came from God, who is all in all! And whatever in my past life is matter of repentance and lamentation, has arose chiefly from *my corrupt will*, though partly from a defective judgment, ever prone to err! So that upon the whole, I have great cause to be thankful that God has been so much the all in all of my life; at the same time I must bewail that I ever followed my own corrupt will in any thing.

My present state of life I believe is from God! In a bad state of health, out of employment and retired from all engagements in the world. I use the means for my recovery, and it is not from any evil principle that I am a cypher: but I cannot yet obtain health, business, or a sphere of usefulness. Nor can I ascertain how far I am culpable as to being what I am. My present duty is *submission* to the divine will. I study for improvement, and pray for such blessings as I want. Is not God *all in all* as to my present state? If I have no desire so strong as this, let thy blessed will be done in and upon me. And the prayer which governs my soul continually is, O may *my will* die day by day; and may God in Christ Jesus, be all in all to me and in me and mine, during our life, in our last moments, and to all eternity! Amen.

Finding it was not expedient to leave *London*, during the ferment which still continued by reason of Mr. *M's* separation from us, I determined not to remove from it before the conference. This began on Tuesday, July 29, and ended on Saturday 2g. And it was a great blessing, that we had peace among ourselves, while so many were making themselves ready for battle.

Monday

Monday, August 1. I began visiting the Classes again, and found less loss than might reasonably have been expected: as most of those who had left us, spake all manner of evil, without either fear or shame! Poor creatures! Yet *he that betrayed* them into this, *hath the greater sin.*

Monday 15. I went in the one day Machine to *Bath*, where one of our friends from *Bristol*, met me, (as I had desired) in the afternoon, and took me thither in a Post-chaise. Wednesday 17. Being informed that the boat at the *Old Passage* would go over at six o'clock, I took horse at four, and came to the *Passage* a few minutes after six. But they told us they would not pass till twelve, and I had appointed to preach in *Chepstow* at eleven. So we thought it best to try the *New Passage*. We came thither at seven, and might probably have stayed till noon, had not an herd of oxen come just in time to the other side. In the boat which brought them over, we crossed the water, and got to *Chepstow* between ten and eleven. As it had rained almost all the day, the house contained the congregation. Hence we rode to *Coleford*. The wind being high, I consented to preach in their new room. But large as it was, it would not contain the people, who appeared to be not a little affected: of which they gave a sufficient proof, by filling the room at five in the morning.

Thursday 18. We breakfasted at a friend's, a mile or two from *Monmouth*, and rode to *Crickhowell*, where I intended to dine: but I found other work to do. Notice had been given, that I would preach, and some were come many miles to hear. So I began without delay, and I did not observe one light or inattentive person in the congregation. When we came to *Brecknock*, we found it was the Assize week, so that I could not have the Town-hall, as before; the Court being to sit there, at the very time when I had appointed to preach. So I preached at Mr. *Jones's* door:

door: and all the people behaved as in the presence of God.

Friday 19. I preached near the Market-place, and afterwards rode over to *Trevetha*. *Howel Harris's* house is one of the most elegant places, which I have seen in *Wales*. The little Chapel and all things round about it, are finished in an uncommon taste: and the gardens, orchards, fish-ponds and mount adjoining, make the place a little paradise. He thanks God for these things, and looks through them. About six score persons are now in the family: all diligent, all constantly employed, all fearing God and working righteousness. I preached at ten to a crowded audience, and in the evening at *Brecknock* again: but to the poor only: the rich, (a very few excepted) were otherwise employed.

Saturday 20. We took horse at four, and rode through one of the pleasantest countries in the world. When we came to *Trecastle*, we had rode fifty miles in *Monmouthshire* and *Brecknockshire*. And I will be bold to say, all *England* does not afford such a line of fifty miles in length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently-rising mountains, fruitful to the very top. *Carmarthenshire*, into which we came soon after, has at least as fruitful a soil. But it is not so pleasant, because it has fewer mountains, though abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on *the Green* at *Carmarthen*, to a large number of deeply attentive people. Here two gentlemen from *Pembroke* met me: with whom we rode to St. *Clare*, intending to lodge there; but the Inn was quite full. So we concluded to try for *Larn*, though we knew not the way, and it was now quite dark. Just then came up an honest man who was riding thither: and we willingly bore him company.

Sunday 21. It rained almost all the morning. However we reached *Tenby* about eleven. The rain then ceased, and I preached at the Cross to a congregation

congregation gathered from many miles round. The ſun broke out ſeveral times and ſhone hot in my face; but never for two minutes together. About five I preached to a far larger congregation at *Pembroke*. A few gay people behaved ill at the beginning. But in a ſhort time loſt their gaiety, and were as ſerious as their neighbours.

Wedneſday 24. I rode over to *Haverfordweſt*. Finding it was the Aſſize week, I was afraid the bulk of the people would be too buſy, to think about hearing ſermons. But I was miſtaken: I have not ſeen ſo numerous a congregation ſince I ſet out of *London*. And they were, one and all, deeply attentive. Surely ſome will bring forth fruit.

Thurſday 25. I was more convinced than ever, that the preaching like an apoſtle, without joining together thoſe that are awakened, and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for theſe twenty years all over *Pembrokeſhire*? But no *regular Societies*, no diſcipline, no order or connexion. And the conſequence is, that nine in ten of the once awakened, are now faſter aſleep than ever.

Friday 28. We deſigned to take horſe at four. But the rain poured down, ſo that one could ſcarce look out. About ſix however we ſet out, and rode through heavy rain to St. *Clare*. Having then little hopes of croſſing the Sands, we determined to go round by *Carmarthen*. But the hoſtler told us, we might ſave ſeveral miles, by going to *Llanſteffan's-Ferry*. We came thither about noon, where a good woman informed us, the boat was aground, and would not paſs till the evening. So we judged it beſt, to go by *Carmarthen* ſtill. But when we had rode three or four miles, I recollected, that I had heard ſpeak of a Ford, which would ſave us ſome miles riding. We enquired of an old man, who ſoon mounted his horſe,

horſe, ſhewed us the way and rode through the river before us.

Soon after my mare dropt a ſhoe, which occaſioned ſo much loſs of time, that we could not ride the Sands, but were obliged to go round through a miſerable road, to *Lanellos*. To mend the matter, our guide loſt his way, both before we came to *Lanellos* and after; ſo that it was as much as we could do, to reach *Becher Ferry*, a little after ſun-ſet. Knowing it was impoſſible then, to preach at *Penreeſe*, as was deſigned, we went on ſtrait to *Swanſey*.

Saturday 27. I preached at ſeven to one or two hundred people, many of whom ſeemed full of good deſires. But as there is no Society, I expect no deep or laſting work.

Mr. *Evans* now gave me an account from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noiſe in *Wales*. "It is common in the congregations attended by Mr. *W.* *W.* and one or two other Clergymen, after the preaching is over, for any one that has a mind, to give out a verſe of an hymn. This they ſing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times. Meanwhile the bodies of two or three, ſometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down, in all manner of poſtures, frequently for hours together." I think, there needs no great penetration to underſtand this. They are honeſt, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he ſerves himſelf of their ſimplicity, in order to wear them out, and to bring a diſcredit on the work of God.

About two I preached at *Cowbridge* in the aſſembly-room, and then went on to *Landaff*. The congregation was waiting: ſo I began without delay, explaining to them *the righteouſneſs of faith*. A man had need to be all fire, who comes into theſe parts, where almoſt every one is cold

as

as ice. Yet God is able to warm their hearts, and make rivers run in the dry places.

Sunday 28. I preached once more in *W.* Church: but it was hard work. Mr. *H.* read the prayers, (not as he did once, with ſuch fervor and ſolemnity as ſtruck almoſt every hearer, but) like one reading an old ſong, in a cold, dry, careleſs manner. And there was no ſinging at all. O what life was here once! But now there is not one ſpark left!

Thence I rode to *Cardiff*, and found the Society in as ruinous a condition as the Caſtle. The ſame poiſon of *Myſticiſm* has well-nigh extinguiſhed the laſt ſpark of life here alſo. I preached in the Town-hall on, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* There was a little ſhaking among the dry bones. Poſſibly ſome of them may yet *come together and live.*

Monday 29. At noon I preached again at *Landaff*, and in the evening at *Aberthaw*. I found the moſt life in this congregation, that I have found any where in *Glamorganſhire*. We lodged at *Caſtle*; ſo agreeable once! But how is the ſcene changed? How dull and unlovely is every place, where there is nothing of God?

Thurſday 30. I preached in the Caſtle at *Cardiff*, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. A few ſeemed to awake, and ſhake themſelves from the duſt. Let theſe go on, and more will follow.

I came to *Chepſtow*, Friday 31, juſt at noon, and began preaching immediately at Mr. *Check's* door. The ſun ſhone full in my face, extremely hot; but in two or three minutes the clouds covered it. The congregation was large and behaved well; perhaps ſome may be *doers of the word*. When we went into the boat at the *Old Paſſage*, it was a dead calm. But the wind ſprung up in a few minutes, ſo that we reached *Briſtol* in good time.

Thurſday, September 1. I began expounding a ſecond time, after an interval of above twenty

years, the firſt epiſtle of St. *John*. How plain, how full, and how deep a compendium of genuine Chriſtianity!

Saturday 3. I went on in deſcribing the one undivided *fruit of the ſpirit*; one part of which men are continually labouring to ſeparate from the other: but it cannot be: none can retain *peace* or *joy* without *meekneſs* and *long-ſuffering*: nay, nor without *fidelity* and *temperance*. Unleſs we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

Sunday 4. I preached on *the Key*, when multitudes attended, who could not have come to the other end of the city. In the afternoon I preached near the *New Square*. I find no other way to reach the outcaſts of men. And this way God has owned, and *does* ſtill own, both by the conviction and converſion of ſinners.

Wedneſday 7. I preached at *Penſford* about eight, and it began raining almoſt as ſoon as I began preaching. But I think none went away. At noon I preached at *Shepton-Mallet*, to a numerous, nay and ſerious congregation: and about ſix in a meadow at *Wincaunton*. I ſuppoſe this was the firſt field-preaching which had been there. However the people were all quiet, and the greater part deeply attentive.

Thurſday 8. At nine I preached in the ſame place, to a far more ſerious audience. Between eleven and twelve I preached at *Weſtcomb*, and in the evening at *Frome*. How zealous to hear are theſe people! And yet how little do they profit by hearing! I think, this will not always be the caſe. By and by we ſhall rejoice over them.

Wedneſday 14. I preached at *Bath*, on *Now is the day of ſalvation*. I was afterwards not a little refreſhed by the converſation of one lately come from *London*; notwithſtanding an irregularity of thought, almoſt peculiar to herſelf. How much preferable is her *irregular warmth*, to the *cold wiſdom* of them that deſpiſe her? How gladly would

would I be as ſhe is, taking her *wildneſs* and *fervor* together?

In the evening the congregation at *Coleford* was all alive, and great part of them were preſent again in the morning. The next evening we had a Love-feaſt: at which many were not able to contain their joy and deſire; but were conſtrained to cry aloud, and praiſe God for the abundance of his mercies.

Saturday 17. I preached on the green at *Bedminſter*. I am apt to think many of the hearers, ſcarce ever heard a *Methodiſt* before, or perhaps any other preacher. What but field-preaching could reach theſe poor ſinners? And are not *their* ſouls alſo precious in the ſight of God?

Sunday 18. I preached in the morning in *Princeſs-Street*, to a numerous congregation. Two or three gentlemen, ſo called, laughed at firſt. But in a few minutes they were as ſerious as the reſt. On Monday evening I gave our brethren a ſolemn caution, not to *love the world, neither the things of the world*. This will be their grand danger. As they are induſtrious and frugal, they muſt needs increaſe in goods. This appears already: in *London*, *Briſtol*, and moſt other trading towns, thoſe who are in buſineſs have increaſed in ſubſtance ſevenfold: ſome of them twenty, yea, an hundred fold. What need then have theſe of the ſtrongeſt warnings, leſt they be intangled therein, and periſh?

Friday 23. I preached at *Bath*. Riding home we ſaw a coffin carrying into *St. George's* church, with many children attending it. When we came near, we found they were our own children, attending the corpſe of one of their ſchool-fellows, who had died of the ſmall-pox. And God thereby touched many of their hearts, in a manner they never knew before.

Monday 26. I preached to the priſoners in *Newgate*, and in the afternoon rode over to *Kingswood*, where I had a ſolemn watch-night, and an oppor-

tunity of ſpeaking cloſely to the children. One is dead; two recovered, ſeven ill ſtill. And the hearts of all are like melting wax.

Tueſday 27. I took my leave of the congregation at *Briſtol*, by opening and applying thoſe words, (by which no fleſh living ſhall be juſtified) *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf.* I believe, an eminent Deiſt, who was preſent, will not eaſily forget that hour. He was (then at leaſt) deeply affected, and felt he ſtood in need of *an Advocate with the Father.*

Wedneſday and Thurſday evening, I ſpent at *Saliſbury*, and with no ſmall ſatisfaction. Friday 30, I preached about one at *Whitchurch*, and then rode to *Baſingſtoke*. Even here there is at length ſome proſpect of doing good. A large number of people attended; to whom God enabled me to ſpeak ſtrong words. And they ſeemed to ſink into the hearts of the hearers.

Saturday, October 1. I returned to *London*, and found our houſe in ruins, great part of it being taken down, in order to a thorough repair. But as much remained as I wanted: ſix foot ſquare ſuffices me by day or by night.

I now received a very ſtrange account, from a man of ſenſe, as well as integrity. "I aſked *M. S.* many queſtions, before ſhe would give me any anſwer. At length, after much perſuaſion ſhe ſaid, "On Old Michaelmas-Day was three years, I was ſitting by myſelf at my father's with a Bible before me, and one whom I took to be my uncle came into the room, and ſat down by me. He talked to me ſome time, till not liking his diſcourſe, I looked more carefully at him. He was dreſt like my uncle; but I obſerved one of his feet was juſt like that of an ox. Then I was much frighted, and he began torturing me ſadly, and told me he would torture me ten times more, if I would not ſwear to kill my father, which at laſt I did. He ſaid, he would come again, on that day four years, between half hour paſt two and three o'clock."

"I have

"I have ſeveral times ſince ſtrove to write this down: but when I did, the uſe of my hand was taken from me. I ſtrove to ſpeak it; but whenever I did, my ſpeech was taken from me. And I am afraid I ſhall be tormented a deal more, for what I have ſpoken now."

Preſently ſhe fell into ſuch a fit as was dreadful to look upon. One would have thought ſhe would be torn in pieces. Several perſons could ſcarce hold her; till after a time, ſhe ſunk down as dead.

From that Michaelmas-Day, ſhe was continually tormented with the thought of killing her father: as likewiſe of killing herſelf: which ſhe often attempted, but was as often hindered. Once ſhe attempted to cut her own throat: once to throw herſelf into *Roſamond's Pond:* ſeveral times to ſtrangle herſelf, which once or twice was with much difficulty prevented.

Her brother, fearing leſt ſhe ſhould at laſt ſucceed in her attempt, and finding her fits come more frequently, got a ſtrait waiſtcoat made for her, ſuch as they uſe at *Bedlam.* It was made of ſtrong ticking, with two ſtraps on the ſhoulders, to faſten her down to the bed: one acroſs her middle, and another acroſs her knees. One likewiſe was buckled on each leg, and faſtened to the ſide of the bed. The arms of the waiſtcoat drew over her fingers, and faſtened like a purſe. In a few minutes after ſhe was gone. After ſome time, he found ſhe was up the chimney, ſo high that he could ſcarce touch her feet. When *M. L—*'s called her, ſhe came down, having her hands as faſt as ever.

The night after, I faſtened her arms to her body with new ſtraps over and above the reſt. She looked at me and laughed; then gave her hands a ſlight turn, and all the faſtenings were off.

In the morning Mr. *Spark* came. On our telling him this he ſaid, "But I will take upon me to faſten her ſo that ſhe ſhall not get looſe."

Accordingly he ſent for ſome girth-web, with which he faſtened her arms to her ſides, firſt above her elbows round her body; then below her elbows: then he put it round each wriſt, and blockaded them down to each ſide of the bedſtead: after this ſhe was quite a night and a day. Then all this was off like the reſt.

After this we did not tie her down any more, only watched over her, night and day. I aſked the phyſician that attended her, whether it was a natural diſorder? He ſaid, "Partly natural, partly diabolical." We then judged there was no remedy but prayer, which was made for her, or with her continually: though while any were praying with her, ſhe was tormented more than ever.

The Friday before Michaelmas-Day laſt, Mr. *W.* came to ſee her. He aſked, "Do you know me?" She ſaid, No, you all appear to me like blackamores." But do not you know my voice? "No, I know no one's voice, except *Molly L*——." Do you pray God to help you? No, I can't pray. God will never help *me*. I belong to the Devil: and he will have me. He will take me, body and ſoul on Monday." Would you have *me* pray for you? No indeed. For when people pray, he torments me worſe than ever." In her fits ſhe was firſt convulſed all over, ſeeming in an agony of pain, and ſcreaming terribly. Then ſhe burſt into vehement fits of laughter: then ſunk down as dead. All this time ſhe was quiet ſenſeleſs: then ſhe fetched a deep ſigh, and recovered her ſenſe and underſtanding: but was ſo weak that ſhe could not ſpeak to be heard, unleſs you put your ear almoſt cloſe to her mouth.

When Mr. *W.* began praying, ſhe began ſcreaming, ſo that a mob quickly gathered about the houſe. However he prayed on, till the convulſions and ſcreaming ceaſed, and ſhe came to her ſenſes much ſooner than uſual. What moſt ſurprized us was, that ſhe continued in her ſenſes, and ſoon after began to pray herſelf.

On

On Sunday evening Mr. *W.* came again, aſked her many queſtions, preſt her to call upon God for power to believe, and then prayed with her. She then began to pray again, and continued in her ſenſes, longer than ſhe had done for a month before: but ſtill inſiſted, "The devil would come the next day between two and three, and take her away."

She begged me to ſit up with her that night, which I willingly did. About four in the morning, ſhe burſt out into a flood of tears, crying, "What ſhall I do, what ſhall I do? I cannot ſtand this day. This day I ſhall be loſt." I went to prayer with her, and exhorted her to pray for faith, and her agony ceaſed."

About half hour after ten, ten of us came together, as we had agreed the day before. I ſaid, "Is there any among you who does not believe, that God is able and willing to deliver this ſoul?" They anſwered with one voice, "We believe, he both can and will deliver her this day." I then faſtened her down to the bed on both ſides, and ſet two on each ſide to hold her, if need were. We began laying her before the Lord, and claiming his promiſe on her behalf. Immediately Satan raged vehemently. He cauſed her to roar in an uncommon manner, then to ſhriek, ſo that it went through our heads, then to bark like a dog. Then her face was diſtorted to an amazing degree, her mouth being drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes turned oppoſite ways and ſtarting as if they would ſtart out of her head. Preſently her throat was ſo convulſed, that ſhe appeared to be quite ſtrangled. Then the convulſions were in her bowels, and her body ſwelled, as if ready to burſt. At other times ſhe was ſtiff from head to foot, as an iron bar, being at the ſame time wholly deprived of ſenſes, and motion, not even breathing at all. Soon after her body was ſo writhed, one would have thought all her bones muſt be diſlocated.

We

We continued in prayer, one after another, till about twelve o'clock. One then ſaid, "I muſt go: I can ſtay no longer. Another and another ſaid the ſame, till we were upon the point of breaking up. I ſaid, "What is this? Will you all give place to the devil? Are you ſtill ignorant of Satan's devices? Shall we leave this poor ſoul in his hands?" Preſently the cloud vaniſhed away. We all ſaw the ſnare, and reſolved to wreſtle with God, till we had the petition we aſked of him. We began ſinging an hymn, and quickly found his ſpirit was in the midſt of us. But the more earneſtly we prayed, the more earneſtly the enemy raged. It was with great difficulty that four of us could hold her down: frequently we thought ſhe muſt have been torn out of our arms. By her looks and motions we judged ſhe ſaw him in a viſible ſhape. She laid faſt hold on Molly L——s and me with inexpreſſible eagerneſs: and ſoon burſt into a flood of tears, crying, "Lord ſave or I periſh. I *will* believe. Lord, give me power to believe, help my unbelief." Afterwards ſhe lay quiet for about fifteen minutes. I then aſked, "Do you now believe Chriſt will ſave you? And have you a deſire to pray to him?" She anſwered, "I have a little deſire, but I want power to believe." We bid her keep aſking for the power, and looking unto Jeſus. I then gave out an hymn, and ſhe earneſtly ſang with us thoſe words,

"O ſun of righteouſneſs ariſe,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diſeaſed, my fainting ſoul,
Life and ſalvation bring."

I now looked at my watch and told her, "It is half hour paſt two. This is the time when the devil ſaid, he would come for you." But, bleſſed be God, inſtead of a tormentor he ſent a comforter. Jeſus appeared to her ſoul, and rebuked the enemy: though ſtill ſome fear remained. But at three it was all gone, and ſhe mightily rejoiced in

in the God of her ſalvation. It was a glorious ſight. Her fierce countenance was changed, and ſhe looked as innocent as a child. And we all partook of the bleſſing. For Jeſus filled our ſouls with a love which no tongue can expreſs. We then offered up our joint praiſes to God, for his unſpeakable mercies, and left her full of faith and love and joy in God her Saviour.

Sunday 2. All this week I endeavoured to confirm thoſe, who had been ſhaken as to the important doctrine of Chriſtian perfection, either by its wild defenders or wiſe oppoſers, who much availed themſelves of that wildneſs. It muſt needs be that ſuch offences will come. But *who unto them by whom the offence cometh!*

Monday 10. I ſet out for *Norwich*, taking *Hertford* in my way, where I began preaching between ten and eleven. Thoſe who expected diſturbance where happily diſappointed; for the whole congregation was quiet and attentive. I doubt not but much good may be done even here, if our brethren *live* what we *preach*.

In the evening I preached in the new room at *Bedford*, where we at laſt ſee ſome fruit of our labour. Tueſday 11. I rode through miſerable roads to *Cambridge*, and thence to *Lakenheath*. The next day I reached *Norwich*, and found much of the preſence of God in the congregation, both this evening and the next day. On Friday evening I read to them all, the Rules of the Society, adding, "Thoſe who are reſolved to keep theſe Rules, may continue with us, and thoſe only." I then related what I had done, ſince I came to *Norwich* firſt, and what I *would do*, for the time to come; particularly, that I would immediately put a ſtop, to preaching in the time of church ſervice. I added, "For many years I have had more trouble with this Society, than with half the Societies in *England* put together. With God's help, I will try you one year longer. And I hope you will bring forth better fruit."

Sunday

Sunday 16. Notwithſtanding the notice I had given over and over, abundance of people came to the Tabernacle at two in the afternoon, the uſual time of preaching. And many of theſe *lambs* roared like lions. But it was no more than I expected. Monday 17. I found at *Yarmouth*, a little, loving, earneſt company. In the evening both the houſe and the yard were pretty well filled with attentive hearers. Tueſday 18, I read over that ſurprizing book, *The life of Mr. William Lilly*. If he believed himſelf, as he really ſeems to have done, was ever man ſo deluded? Perſuaded that *Hermeli*, the *Queen of the Fairies*, *Micol Regina Pygmeorum* and their fellows were good angels! How amazing is this! And is it not ſtill more amazing, that ſome of the greateſt and moſt ſenſible men in the nation, ſhould not only not ſcruple to employ him, but be his faſt friends upon all occaſions?

Wedneſday 19. I returned to *Norwich*, and found the ferment a little abated. I was much pleaſed with the leaders in the evening, a company of ſteady, lively, zealous perſons: and indeed with moſt of the Society with whom I have converſed, none of them ſeem to have loſt ground ſince I was here laſt.

Sunday 23. I met the Society for the firſt time, immediately after the morning preaching. Afterwards I went to church, with a conſiderable number of the people, ſeveral of whom I ſuppoſe had not been within thoſe walls for many years. I was glad to hear a plain, uſeful ſermon, and eſpecially for the ſake of thoſe, who if they had been offended at firſt, would hardly have come any more. In the evening God made bare his arm, and his word was ſharp as a two-edged ſword. Before I had concluded my ſermon, the mob made a little diſturbance. But let us only get the *lambs* in order, and I will quickly tame the *bears*.

Monday

Monday 24. I rode to *Bury*. Here the mob had for ſome time reigned lords paramount. But a ſtrange gentleman from *London*, who was preſent one evening, when they were in high ſpirits, took them in hand, and proſecuted the matter ſo effectually, that they were quelled at once.

Tueſday 25, I rode to *Colcheſter*, and found a ſtrange ferment in that Society, occaſioned by the impudence of —— ——, who had kindled a flame which he could not quench, and ſet every man's ſword againſt his brother. I heard them all face to face, but to no purpoſe. They regarded neither ſcripture nor reaſon. But on Thurſday evening, at the meeting of the Society, God was intreated for them. The ſtony hearts were broken: anger, revenge, evil ſurmiſing fled away. The hearts of all were again united together, and his banner over us was love.

It may be of uſe to inſert part of a letter, which I received about this time.

I was reading your Notes on *Heb.* xii. a while ſince, I was ſtruck with your expoſition of the ninth verſe. "Perhaps theſe expreſſions, *fathers of our fleſh, and fathers of ſpirits* intimate, that our earthly fathers are only the parents of our bodies, our ſouls not being derived from them, but rather created by the immediate power of God, and infuſed into the body from age to age." But meeting with a curious old book which aſſerts a contrary doctrine I hope, you will pardon my freedom in tranſcribing, and begging your thoughts upon it.

"That ſouls are not immediately infuſed by God, but mediately propagated by the parent, is proved, 1. from the divine reſt, *Gen.* ii. 2. *And he reſted on the ſeventh day, from all the work which he had made:* 2. from the bleſſing mentioned, *Gen.* i. 28. *And God bleſſed them, and ſaid unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply:* for this does not relate to a part, but to the whole of man: 3. from the generation of *Seth*, *Gen.* v. 3. *And Adam—begat a*

ſon

ſon in his own likeneſs, after his image, for this image principally conſiſted in the ſoul: 4. from the proceſſion of the ſoul from the parent mentioned, *Gen.* xvi. 26. *All the ſouls—which came out of his loins:* 5. from the very conſideration of ſin; for they are infuſed I. either pure, and then 1. they will either be free from original ſin, the primary ſeat of which is the ſoul; and ſo God will be cruel in condemning the ſoul for what it is not guilty of: or, 2. we muſt ſuppoſe the impure body to pollute the ſoul, which is abſurd. Or II. they are infuſed impure, and in that caſe, God will be the cauſe of impurity, which is impoſſible. This is further proved from the doctrine of regeneration; for that which is regenerated was generated or begotten, but the whole man is regenerated, therefore the whole man is generated; compare *John* iii. 6. *That which is born of the fleſh is fleſh, and that which is born of the ſpirit is ſpirit*; and *Eph.* iv. 23. *And be renewed in the ſpirit of your mind.*

"That the human ſoul is propagated by the parents together with the body, is further proved, 1. by the creation of Eve; whoſe ſoul is not ſaid to have been breathed into her by God: 2. from the confeſſion of David, *Pſal.* li. 2, *Behold, I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my mother conceive me;* which words cannot poſſibly relate to the body only: 3. from our redemption; what Chriſt did not aſſume, he did not redeem; if therefore he did not aſſume his ſoul together with his body from the Virgin Mary, our ſouls are not redeemed by Chriſt, which is evidently falſe: 4. from ſimilar expreſſions *Job* x. 8. *Thine hands have made and faſhioned me;* and *Pſal.* cxxxix. 15. *For thou haſt poſſeſſed my reins, thou haſt covered me in my mother's womb;* where God is ſaid to have formed us with his own hands, which yet is no otherwiſe done than mediately by generation: 5. from the nature of the begetter and the begotten; they are of one ſpecies, but the man who begets conſiſting

of

of a ſoul and body, and a body without a ſoul, are not of one ſpecies.

"Again, ſuppoſing the ſoul to be infuſed by the Deity, either firſt it will be free from ſin, and ſo God himſelf will be accuſed as guilty of injuſtice in condemning a pure ſpirit, and in infuſing it into an impure body: or, 2. he will be accounted the author of the ſoul's pollution, by uniting it a pure ſpirit, to an impure body, in order that it ſhould be polluted: 3. a double abſurdity will follow upon this ſuppoſition, viz. 1. the organical parts of man only will be ſlaves to ſin. 2. the immortal ſpirit would be corrupted by the mortal body. 3. Or, if the ſoul being thus infuſed, it be polluted by ſin, it will follow that God is expreſly aſſigned to be the cauſe of ſin, which is the higheſt blaſphemy."

Friday, October 28. At the requeſt of a little ſociety there, I rode round by *Braintree*. Here I met with one who was well acquainted with the honourable Mr. ——. If he anſwers the character Mr. —— gives, he is one of the moſt amiable men in the world. O what keeps us apart? Why cannot we openly give each other the right-hand of fellowſhip.

Saturday 29. I returned to *London*. Sunday 30. I now for the firſt time, ſpoke to the Society freely concerning Mr. *M.* both with regard to his *injuſtice* in the affair of *Snowfields*, and his almoſt unparalleled ingratitude to *me*. But I never expect one that is falſe to God to be true to an human friend.

Saturday 2. I ſpent an agreeable hour with old, venerable Mr. ——. How ſtriking is a man of ſenſe, learning, and piety, when he has well-nigh finiſhed his courſe, and yet retains all his faculties unimpaired? His grey hairs are indeed *a crown of honour*.

In this neighbourhood I learned the particulars of a remarkable occurrence. On Friday, Auguſt 19, a gentleman who was at *Liſbon* during the

great earthquake, walking with his friend near *Brighthelmſtone* in *Suſſex*, and looking ſouth-weſt toward the ſea, cried out, "God grant the wind may riſe! Otherwiſe we ſhall have an earthquake quickly. Juſt ſo the clouds whirled to and fro, and ſo the ſky looked that day at *Liſbon*." Preſently the wind did riſe, and brought an impetuous ſtorm of rain and large hail. Some of the hail-ſtones were larger than hen-eggs. It moved in a line about four miles broad, making ſtrange havock, as it paſſed quite over the land, till it fell into a river not far from *Sheerneſs*. And wherever it paſſed, it left an hot ſulphurous ſteam, ſuch as almoſt ſuffocated thoſe it reached.

Thurſday 3. I returned to *London*. Saturday 5. I ſpent ſome time with my old friend *J. G.* Who but —— could have ſeparated ſuch friends as we were? Shall we never unite again?

Sunday 13. I found much of the power of God in preaching, but far more at the Lord's table. At the ſame time one who had been wandering from God for many years, and would fain have been with us, but could not, found that the Spirit of God was not hindered, or confined to one place. He found out —— the poor backſlider in his own houſe, and revealed Chriſt anew in his heart.

Tueſday 15. I viſited *John Norbury*, a good old ſoldier of Jeſus Chriſt. I found him juſt on the wing for Paradiſe, having rattled in the throat ſome time. But his ſpeech was reſtored, when I came in, and he mightly praiſed God for all his mercies. This was his laſt teſtimony of a good maſter. Soon after he fell aſleep.

On Friday I finiſhed viſiting the claſſes, and obſerved that ſince February laſt, an hundred and ſeventy-five perſons have been ſeparated from us. An hundred and ſix left us on Mr. *M's* account: few of them will not return till they are deeply humbled.

Here

Here I ſtood, and looked back on the late occurrences. Before *Thomas Walch* left England, God began that great work, which has continued ever ſince without any conſiderable intermiſſion. During the whole time, many have been convinced of ſin, many juſtified, and many backſliders healed. But the peculiar work of this ſeaſon has been, what St. *Paul* calls *The perfecting of the ſaints*. Many perſons in *London*, in *Briſtol*, in *York*, and in various parts both of *England* and *Ireland*, have experienced ſo deep and univerſal a change, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. After a deep conviction of inbred ſin, of their total fall from God, they have been ſo filled with faith and love, (and generally in a moment) that ſin vaniſhed, and they found from that time, no pride, anger, deſire or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks. Now whether we call this the *deſtruction* or *ſuſpenſion* of ſin, it is a glorious work of God: ſuch work, as conſidering both the depth and extent of it, we never ſaw in theſe kingdoms before.

It is poſſible, ſome who ſpoke in this manner were miſtaken: and it is certain, ſome have loſt what they then received. A few (very few compared to the whole number) firſt gave way to enthuſiaſm, then to pride, next to prejudice and offence, and at laſt ſeparated from their brethren. But although this laid a huge ſtumbling block in the way, ſtill the work of God went on. Nor has it ceaſed to this day in any of its branches. God ſtill convinces, juſtifies, ſanctifies. We have loſt only the droſs, the enthuſiaſm, the prejudice and offence. The pure gold remains, faith working by love, and we have ground to believe, increaſes daily.

Monday 21. I buried the remains of *Joſeph Norbury*, a faithful witneſs of Jeſus Chriſt. For about three years he has humbly and boldly teſtified, that God had ſaved him from *all ſin*. And

whole ſpirit and behaviour in life and death made his teſtimony beyond exception. December 1. All the leiſure hours I had in this and the following months, during the time I was in *London*, I ſpent in reading over our works with the preachers, conſidering what objections had been made, and correcting whatever we judged wrong, either in the matter or expreſſion.

Monday, December 5. I rode to *Shoreham*, and preached in the evening to a more-than-uſually ſerious company. The next evening they were conſiderably increaſed. The ſmall-pox, juſt broke out in the town, has made many of them thoughtful. O let not the impreſſion paſs away as the morning-dew!

Wedneſday 7. I rode to *Staplehurſt*, where Mr. *Ch*—, who loves all that love Chriſt, received us gladly. At ſix the congregation gathered from many miles round, ſeemed juſt ripe for the goſpel: ſo that (contrary to my cuſtom in a new place) I ſpoke merely of *the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. Thurſday 8, in returning to *London*, I was thoroughly wet: but it did me no hurt at all.

Friday 16. I ſpent an agreeable hour, and not unprofitably, in converſation with my old friend *John G.* O how gladly could I join heart and hand again? But, alas! *thy heart is* not *as my heart!*

Saturday 17. I dined at Dr. *G's*, as friendly and courteous as Dr. *Dodderidge* himſelf. How amiable is courteſy joined with ſincerity! Why ſhould they ever be divided?

Wedneſday 21. I took my leave of the *Bull and Mouth*, a barren, uncomfortable place, where much pains has been taken for ſeveral years; I fear to little purpoſe. Thurſday 22. I ſpent a little time in a viſit to Mr. *M*—, twenty years ago a zealous and uſeful magiſtrate, now a picture of human nature in diſgrace: feeble in body and mind;

mind; ſlow of ſpeech and underſtanding. Lord let me not live to be uſeleſs!

Monday 26. I began preaching at a large commodious place in *Bartholomew Cloſe*. I preached there again on Wedneſday, and at both times with peculiar liberty of ſpirit. At every place this week I endeavoured to prepare our brethren, for renewing their Covenant with God.

Sunday, January the firſt, 1764, we met in the evening for that ſolemn purpoſe. I believe the number of thoſe that met, was conſiderably larger than it was laſt year. And ſo was the bleſſing: truly *the conſolations of God* were *not ſmall with us*. Many were filled with peace and joy; many with holy fear, and ſeveral backſliders were healed.

On ſome of the following days, I viſited the little ſocieties near *London*. Thurſday 12. I preached at *Mitcham*: and in the afternoon rode to *Dorking*. But the gentleman to whoſe houſe I was invited, ſeemed to have no deſire that I ſhould preach. So that evening I had nothing to do. Friday 13. I went at noon into the ſtreet and in a broad place, not far from the market-place, proclaimed *the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. At firſt two or three little children were the whole of my congregation. But it quickly increaſed, though the air was ſharp, and the ground exceeding wet. And all behaved well but three or four grumbling men, who ſtood afar off, that they diſturbed none but themſelves.

I had propoſed to preach there again in the morning: but a violent ſtorm made it impracticable. So, after preaching at *Mitcham* in the way, I rode back to *London*.

Monday 16. I rode to *High-Wycombe*, and preached to a more numerous and ſerious congregation than ever I ſaw there before. Shall there be yet another day of viſitation to this careleſs people?

A large number was preſent at five in the morning. But my face and gums were ſo ſwelled, I could hardly ſpeak. After I took horſe, they grew worſe and worſe, till it began to rain. I was then perſwaded to put on an oil-caſe hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and ſwelling were gone.

Between twelve and one we croſſed *Enſham Ferry*. The water was like a ſea on both ſides. I aſked the ferry-man, "Can we ride the cauſeway?" He ſaid, "Yes, Sir, if you keep in the middle." But this was the difficulty as the whole cauſeway was covered with water to a conſiderable depth. And this in many parts ran over the cauſeway with the ſwiftneſs and violence of a ſluice. Once my mare loſt both her fore feet, but ſhe gave a ſpring, and recovered the cauſeway. Otherwiſe we muſt have taken a ſwim: for the water on either ſide was twelve feet deep. However, after one or two plunges more, we got through and came ſafe to *Witney*.

The congregation in the evening, as well as the next day, was both large and deeply attentive. This is ſuch a people as I have not ſeen: ſo remarkably diligent in buſineſs; and at the ſame time of ſo quiet a ſpirit, and ſo calm and civil in their behaviour.

Thurſday 19. I rode through *Oxford* to *Henley*. The people here bear no reſemblance to thoſe of *Witney*. I found a wild ſtaring congregation, many of them void both of common ſenſe and common decency. I ſpoke exceeding plain to them all, and reproved ſome of them ſharply. Friday 20. I took (probably my final) leave of *Henley*, and returned to *London*.

Monday 23. I rode to *Sundon*, and preached in the evening to a very quiet and very ſtupid people. How plain is it, that even to enlighten the underſtanding, is beyond the power of man? After all our preaching here, even thoſe who have

have conſtantly attended, no more underſtand us, than if we had preached in *Greek*.

Thurſday 26. Returning from *Bedford*, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched*, and ſet before them the terrors of the Lord, in the ſtrongeſt manner I was able. It ſeemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only liſtened with the deepeſt attention, but appeared to be more affected, than I had ever ſeen them, by any diſcourſe whatever.

Wedneſday, February 1. I buried the remains of *William Hurd*, a ſon of affliction for many years, continually ſtruggling with inward and outward trials. But his end was peace.

Thurſday, February 2. I preached again in the Foundery, which had been repairing for ſeveral weeks. It is not only firm and ſafe (whereas before the main timbers were quite decayed) but clean and decent, and capable of receiving ſeveral hundreds more.

Sunday 5. I began Mr. *Hartley's* ingenious "Defence of the myſtic writers." But it does not ſatisfy *me*. I muſt ſtill object, 1. To their *ſentiments*. The chief of them do not appear to me, to have any conception of church-communion. Again, they ſlight not only works of piety, the ordinances of God, but even works of mercy. And yet moſt of them, yea all that I have ſeen, hold juſtification by works. In general, they are *wiſe above what is written*, indulging themſelves in many unſcriptural ſpeculations. I object 2. To their *ſpirit*, that moſt of them are of a dark, ſhy, reſerved, unſociable temper. And that they are apt to *deſpiſe* all who differ from them, as carnal, unlightened men. I object 3. To their whole *phraſeology*. It is both unſcriptural, and affectedly myſterious. I ſay, *affectedly*. For this does not neceſſarily reſult from the nature of the things ſpoken of. St. *John* ſpeaks as high and

and as deep things as *Jacob Behme*. Why then does not *Jacob* ſpeak as plain as him?

Monday 6. I opened the New Chappel at *Wapping*, well-filled with deeply-attentive hearers. Thurſday 16. I once more took a ſerious walk through *the tombs* in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. What heaps of unmeaning ſtone and marble? But there was one tomb which ſhewed common ſenſe: that beautiful figure of Mr. *Nightingale*, endeavouring to ſcreen his lovely wife from *death*. Here indeed the marble ſeems to *ſpeak*, and ſtatues appear only not *alive*.

After taking *Brentford*, *Deptford*, *Welling*, and *Sevenoaks*, in my way, on Thurſday 23, I rode to Sir *Thomas I'Anſon's*, (at *New-bounds*, two miles beyond *Tunbridge*) juſt quivering on the verge of life, helpleſs as a child, but (as it ſeems) greatly profited by this ſevere diſpenſation. The hall, ſtair-caſe, and adjoining rooms, juſt contained the people in the evening. One poor backſlider, whom Providence had brought thither, was exceedingly wounded. I left her, reſolved to ſet out once more, if haply God might heal her.

Friday 24. I returned to *London*. Wedneſday 29. I heard *Judith*, an oratorio performed at the *Lock*. Some parts of it were exceeding fine. But there are two things in all modern pieces of muſic, which I could never reconcile to common ſenſe. One, is ſinging the ſame words ten times over: the other, ſinging different words by different perſons, at one and the ſame time. And this, in the moſt ſolemn addreſſes to God, whether by way of prayer or of thankſgiving. This can never be defended, by all the muſicians in *Europe*, till reaſon is quite out of date.

Monday, March 12. I ſet out for *Briſtol*. Friday 16. I met ſeveral ſerious Clergymen. I have long deſired, that there might be an open, avowed union, between all who preach thoſe fundamental truths, original ſin, and juſtification by faith, producing inward and outward holineſs. But all my endeavours

endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God's time is not fully come.

Monday 19. I ſet out for the North. We reached *Stroud* about two in the afternoon. How many years were we beating the air in this place! One wrong-headed man pulling down all we could build up. But ſince he is gone, the word of God takes root, and the Society increaſes both in number and ſtrength. Tueſday 20. At ſeven I preached in *Painſwick*. For many years an honeſt, diſputing man, greatly hindered the work of God here alſo, ſubverting the ſouls that were juſt ſetting out for heaven. But ſince God took him to himſelf, his word has free courſe, and many ſinners are converted to him. We rode hence over the top of the bleak mountains to *Stanley*, where an earneſt congregation was waiting. From *Stanley* to *Everſham* we were to go as we could, the lanes being ſcarce paſſable. However at length we got through. I never before ſaw ſo quiet a congregation in the town-hall nor yet ſo numerous. I deſigned, afterwards to meet the Society at our room. But the people were ſo eager to hear, that I knew not how to keep them out. So we had a large congregation again. And again God gave us his bleſſing.

Wedneſday 21. After riding about two hours and an half from *Everſham*, we ſtopped at a little village. We eaſily perceived, by the marks he had left, that the man of the houſe had been beating his wife. I took occaſion from thence, to ſpeak ſtrongly to her, concerning the hand of God, and his deſign in all afflictions. It ſeemed to be a word in ſeaſon. She appeared not only thankful, but deeply affected.

We had an exceeding large congregation at *Birmingham*, in what was formerly the Play-houſe. Happy would it be, if all the Play-houſes in the kingdom were converted to ſo good an uſe. After ſervice the mob gathered, and threw ſome dirt and ſtones, at thoſe who were going out.

But

But it is probable, they will ſoon be calmed, as ſome of them are in goal already. A few endeavoured to make a diſturbance the next evening during the preaching. But it was loſt labour: the congregation *would* not be diverted, from *taking earneſt heed to the things that were ſpoken.*

Friday 13. I rode to *Dudley*, formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as *Briſtol.* They had juſt finiſhed their preaching-houſe, which was thoroughly filled: and I ſaw no triſler; but many in tears. Here I met with a remarkable account of a child, the ſubſtance of which was as follows.

"*John B*——, about ten years old, was ſome time ſince taken ill. He often aſked, how it was to die? His ſiſter told him, "Some children know God. And then they are not afraid to die. He ſaid, what, children as little as *me?* She anſwered your ſiſter *Patty* did; *and* ſhe was leſs than you: at which he ſeemed to be much affected. Sunday was fortnight he took his bed, but was not able to ſleep. Soon after he ſaid, we ſhall ſoon be with angels and archangels in heaven. What ſignifies this wicked world? Who would want to live here, that might live with Chriſt? The maid ſaid, "I wiſh I was married to Chriſt." He ſaid, "Being married to Chriſt is coming to Chriſt, and keeping with him. All may come to him: I am happy, I am happy." His ſiſter aſked, "Do you love God?" He anſwered, "Yes, that I do." She aſked, "And do you think God loves *you?*" He replied, "Yes, I know he does."

The next evening ſhe ſaid, "How are you, Jacky, when you are ſo happy?" He ſaid, ſtroaking his breaſt down with his hand, "Why like as if God was in me. O my ſiſter what a happy thing it was that I came to *Dudley?* I am quite happy, when I am ſaying my prayers. And when I think on God, I can almoſt ſee into heaven."

"Tueſday

"Tueſday night laſt ſhe aſked, "Are you afraid to die?" He ſaid, I have ſeen the time that I was. But now I am not a bit afraid of death, or hell, or judgment: for Chriſt is mine. I know Chriſt is my own. He ſays, what would you have? I would go to heaven, I will get to heaven as ſoon as I can. And as well as I love you all, when I am once got to heaven, I would not come to you again for ten thouſand worlds." Soon after he ſaid, "If God would let me do as the angels do, I would come and watch over you. I will, if God will let me: and when you are ready, I will come and fetch you to heaven, yea, if God would let me, I would fly all over the world to fetch ſouls to heaven."

"He aſked his couſin, "If ſhe had ſeen the king?" And added, "I have; indeed I have not ſeen king *George*, but I have ſeen a better king: for I have ſeen the king of heaven and earth." His health ſince that time has been in ſome meaſure recovered. But he continues in the ſame ſpirit."

Saturday 24. We came once more, to our old flock at *Wedneſbury*. The congregation differed from moſt that we have lately ſeen. It almoſt entirely conſiſted of ſuch as had *repented*, if not alſo *believed the goſpel*. Sunday 25, at eight I preached in the room, though it would by no means contain the congregation. But the North-eaſt wind was ſo extremely ſharp, that it was not practicable to preach abroad. At one it drove us likewiſe into the houſe at *Darlaſton*, that is as many as it could contain. At five there was ſuch a congregation at *Wedneſbury*, as I have not ſeen ſince I left *London*. But I found my voice would have commanded twice the number, while I declared, *The word is nigh unto thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach.*

Monday 26. I was deſired to preach at *Walſal*. *James Jones* was alarmed at the motion, apprehending

hending there would be much disturbance. However I determined to make the trial. Coming into the house, I met with a token for good. A woman was telling her neighbour why she came. "I had a desire, said she, to hear this man: yet I durst not, because I heard so much ill of him. But this morning I dreamed, I was praying earnestly, and I heard a voice, saying, "See the 8th verse of the first chapter of St. *John.*" I waked and got my Bible and read, *He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light.* I got up and came away with all my heart."

The house not being capable of containing the people, about seven I began preaching abroad. And there was no opposer, no, nor a trifler to be seen. All present were earnestly attentive. How is *Walsal* changed! How has God either tamed the wild beasts, or chained them up!

In the afternoon I came to *Ashby de la Zouch.* The house and yard contained the people tolerably well. I saw but one trifler among all, which I understood was an attorney. Poor man! If men *live* what I *preach, the hope of* his *gain is lost.*

Wednesday 27. We rode to *Donnington,* where a great multitude earnestly attended, while I explained and inforced, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Hence we rode to *Derby.* Mr. *Dobinson* believed it would be best for me to preach in the market-place, as there seemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of fashion, to hear me. He had mentioned it to the Mayor, who said, "He did not apprehend, there would be the least disturbance. But if there should be any thing of the kind, he would take care to suppress it." A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then *the beasts of the people* lifted up their voice, hollowing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked

softly

ſoftly away. An innumerable retinue followed me. But only a few pebble-ſtones were thrown, and no one hurt at all. Moſt of the rabble followed quite to Mr. *D's* houſe: but it ſeems, without any malice propenſe. For they ſtood ſtock ſtill about an hour, and then quietly went away.

At ſeven I met the Society, with many others, who earneſtly deſired to be preſent. In the morning moſt of them came again, with as many more as we could well make room for. And indeed they received the word gladly. God grant they may bring forth fruit!

Thurſday 28. Between eleven and twelve I preached at *Alferton*, twelve miles from *Derby*, and in the evening at *Sheffield*, to many more than could hear, on *Now is the day of ſalvation.* In the morning I gave an hearing to ſeveral of the Society, who were extremely angry at each other. It ſurpriſed me, to find what trifles they had ſtumbled at. But I hope their ſnare is broken.

In the evening while I was inlarging upon *the righteouſneſs of faith*, the word of God was quick and powerful. Many felt it in their inmoſt ſouls: one backſlider in particular, who was then reſtored to all ſhe had loſt, and the next morning believed ſhe was *ſaved from ſin.*

Friday 30. I met thoſe who believe God has *redeemed* them *from all their ſins.* They are about ſixty in number. I could not learn, that any among them walk unworthy of their profeſſion. Many watch over them for evil: but they overcome evil with good. I found nothing of ſelf-conceit, ſtubbornneſs, impatience of contradiction, or *London* enthuſiaſm among them. They have better learned of him that was meek and lowly of heart, to *adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour.*

In the evening I preached in the new houſe at *Rotheram*, on the ſure foundation, *Ye are ſaved through faith.* It was a ſeaſon of ſtrong conſolation to many. One who had been ſome time

groaning for full redemption, now found power to believe that God had fulfilled her desire, and set her heart at liberty.

Saturday 31. An odd circumstance occurred, during the morning preaching. It was well, only serious people were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still, in a posture of deep attention. Might not *the dumb beast reprove* many, who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?

At noon I preached (the room being too small to contain the people) in a yard near the bridge in *Doncaster*. The wind was high and exceeding sharp, and blew all the time on the side of my head. In the afternoon I was seized with a sore throat, almost as soon as I came to *Epworth*. However I preached, though with some difficulty: but afterward I could hardly speak. Being better the next day, Sunday, April 1. I preached about one at *Westwood-side*; and soon after four, in the Market-place at *Epworth*, to a numerous congregation. At first indeed but few could hear. But the more I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened, till toward the close all my pain and weakness were gone, and all could hear distinctly.

Monday 2. I had a day of rest. Tuesday 3. I preached about nine at *Scotter*, a town six or seven miles east of *Epworth*, where a sudden flame is broke out, many being convinced of sin almost at once, and many justified. But there are many adversaries stirred up by a bad man, who tells them, "There is no law for Methodists." Hence continual riots followed: till after a while, an upright Magistrate took the cause in hand, and managed both the rioters and him who set them at work, that they have been quiet as lambs ever since.

Hence we rode to *Grimsby*, once the most dead, now the most lively place in all the county. Here has

has been a large and ſwift increaſe both of the Society and hearers, ſo that the houſe, though galleries are added, is ſtill too ſmall. In the morning, Wedneſday 4, I explained at large the nature of Chriſtian Perfection. Many who had doubted of it before, were fully ſatisfied. It remains only, to *experience* what we believe.

In the evening the Mayor and all the gentry of the town were preſent. And ſo was our Lord in an uncommon manner. Some dropt down as dead, but after a while rejoiced with joy unſpeakable. One was carried away in violent fits. I went to her after the ſervice. She was ſtrongly convulſed from head to foot, and ſhrieked out in a dreadful manner. The unclean ſpirit did tear her indeed: but his reign was not long. In the morning both her ſoul and body were healed, and ſhe acknowledged both the juſtice and mercy of God.

Thurſday 5. About eleven, I preached at *Elſham*. The two perſons, who are the moſt zealous and active here, are the ſteward and gardener of a Gentleman, whom the Miniſter perſuaded to turn them off unleſs they would leave *this way*. He gave them a week to conſider of it: at the end of which they calmly anſwered, "Sir, we chuſe rather to want bread here, than to want *a drop of water* hereafter." He replied, "Then follow your own conſcience, ſo you do my buſineſs as well as formerly."

Friday 1. I preached at *Ferry* at nine in the morning, and in the evening: and about noon at Sir ——'s Hall at *Gainſborough*. Almoſt as ſoon as I began to ſpeak, a cock began to crow over my head. But he was quickly diſlodged: and the whole congregation, rich and poor, were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 8. I ſet out for *Miſterton*, though the common road was impaſſable, being all under water. But we found a way to ride round. I preached at eight, and I ſaw not one inatten-

tive hearer. In our return, my mare ruſhing violently through a gate, ſtruck my heel againſt the gate-poſt, and left me behind her in an inſtant, laid on my back at full length. She ſtood ſtill, till I roſe and mounted again; and neither of us was hurt at all.

Monday 9. I had deſigned to go by *Authorp Ferry*, and *Winterton* to *Hull*. But we had not gone far, before the wind roſe ſo, that we judged it would be impoſſible to paſs the *Trent* at *Authorp*. So we turned back, and went by *Ouſton* and *Brigg*. The rain beat vehemently upon us all the way. When we came to *Brigg*, deſpairing of being able to croſs the *Humber*, we thought it beſt to turn aſide to *Barrow*. When I was here laſt, the mob was exceeding rude and noiſy. But all the people were now quiet and attentive. I was much pleaſed with their ſpirit and their behaviour, and could not be ſorry for the ſtorm.

Tueſday 10. The wind abating, we took boat at *Barton*, with two ſuch brutes as I have ſeldom ſeen. Their blaſphemy, and ſtupid, groſs obſcenity, were beyond all I ever heard. We firſt ſpoke to them mildly but it had no effect. At length we were conſtrained to rebuke them ſharply: and they kept themſelves tolerably within bounds, till we landed at *Hull*. I preached at five, two hours ſooner than was expected. By this means we had tolerable room, for the greateſt part of them that came. And I believe not many of them came in vain.

Wedneſday 11. Between eight and nine I began preaching at *Beverly*, in a room which is newly taken. It was filled from end to end, and that with ſerious hearers. Perhaps even theſe may know the day of their viſitation.

About one I began at *Pocklington*. Here likewiſe all were quiet, and liſtened with deep attention. When I came to *York*, at five in the afternoon, I was freſher than at ſeven in the morning. During the preaching, many were not a little

a little comforted: and one old follower of Chriſt, more than ſeventy years of age, was now firſt enabled, to *call* him *Lord* by the Holy Ghoſt.

I found, that a moſt remarkable deadneſs had overſpread this people, inſomuch that not one had received remiſſion of ſins, for ſeveral months laſt paſt. Then it is high time for us, to propheſy on theſe dry bones, that they may live. At this I more immediately pointed, in all my following diſcourſes. And I have reaſon to believe, God ſpoke in his word: to him be all the glory!

Thurſday 12. I ſpent an hour with *John Manners*, weak in body, but hot in ſpirit. He is fairly worn out in good ſervice, and calmly waits till his change ſhall come.

Sunday 15. In the evening many even of the rich were preſent, and ſeriouſly attentive. But O! how hardly ſhall theſe enter into the kingdom! How hardly eſcape from *the deſire of other things?*

Monday 16. I preached at *Tallerton* at one. The congregation was large and ſerious. Some were deeply affected and wept much. Many received comfort.

At ſix I began preaching in the ſtreet at *Thirſk*. The congregation was exceeding large. Juſt as I named my text, *What is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world and loſe his own ſoul;* a man on horſeback, who had ſtopped to ſee what was the matter, changed colour and trembled. Probably he might have reſolved to ſave his ſoul, had not his drunken companion dragged him away.

Tueſday 17. In conſequence of repeated invitations, I rode to *H*——. When I came Mr. —— was not at home: but his houſekeeper faintly aſking me, I went in. By the books lying in the window and on the table, I eaſily perceived how he came to be ſo cold now, who was ſo warm a year ago. Not one of ours either

verſe or proſe, was to be ſeen, but ſeveral of another kind. O that our brethren were as zealous to make *Chriſtians*, as they are to make *Calviniſts!*

He came home before dinner, and ſoon convinced me, that *the Philiſtines* had been upon him. They had taken huge pains, to prejudice him againſt *me*, and ſo ſucceſsfully, that he did not even aſk me to preach. So I had thoughts of going on. But in the afternoon, he altered his purpoſe, and I preached in the evening to a large congregation. He ſeemed quite ſurprized, and was convinced *for the preſent*, that things had been miſrepreſented. But how long will the conviction laſt? Perhaps, till next ſummer.

Wedneſday 18. I called upon another ſerious clergyman, vicar of a little town near *Pickering*. He immediately told me, how he had been received by warm men *to doubtful diſputations*. He ſaid, this had for a time much hurt his ſoul; but that now the ſnare was broken.

About one I preached at *Stainton*, eight or nine miles beyond *Pickering*, to a ſmall but deeply ſerious congregation. When I came to *Scarborough*, though the wind was very high and very ſharp, the multitude of people conſtrained me to preach abroad. And all, but a few noiſy children, behaved remarkably well.

Thurſday 19. The room was filled at five. And the congregation this evening was larger than the laſt. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two? The Society increaſed four fold; moſt of them alive to God: and many *filled* with love. And all of them enjoy great quietneſs, inſtead of noiſe and tumult, ſince God put it into the heart of an honeſt magiſtrate, to *ſtill the madneſs of the people*.

I wrote a letter to-day, which after ſome time I ſent to forty or fifty clergymen, with the little preface annext.

"Rev.

"Rev. Sir,

"Near two years and an half ago, I wrote the following letter. You will pleaſe to obſerve, 1. That I propoſe no more therein, than is the bounden duty of every Chriſtian: that *you* may comply with this propoſal, whether any other does or not. I myſelf have endeavoured ſo to do for many years, though I have been almoſt alone therein, and although many, the more earneſtly I *talk of peace*, the more zealouſly *make themſelves ready for battle.*

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY."

"Dear Sir,

"It has pleaſed God to give you both the will and the power, to do many things for his glory, (although you are often aſhamed you have done ſo little and wiſh you could do a thouſand times more.) This induces me to mention to you, what has been upon my mind for many years: and what I am perſuaded would be much for the glory of God, if it could once be effected. And I am in great hopes it will be, if you heartily undertake it, truſting in him alone.

"Some years ſince God began a great work in England: but the labourers were few. At firſt thoſe few were of one heart: but it was not ſo long. Firſt one fell off, then another and another, till no two of us were left together in the work, beſide my brother and me. This prevented much good and occaſioned much evil. It grieved our ſpirits and weakened our hands. It gave our common enemies huge occaſion to blaſpheme. It perplexed and puzzled many ſincere Chriſtians. It cauſed many to draw back to perdition. It grieved the holy Spirit of God.

"As labourers increaſed, diſunion increaſed. Offences were multiplied. And inſtead of coming nearer to, they ſtood farther and farther off from each

each other: till at length thoſe who were not only brethren in Chriſt, but fellow-labourers in his goſpel, had no more connexion or fellowſhip with each other, than Proteſtants have with Papiſts.

"But ought this to be? Ought not thoſe, who are united to one common head, and employed by him in one common work, to be united to each other? I ſpeak now of thoſe labourers, who are miniſters of the church of *England*. Theſe are chiefly

Mr. Perronet, Romaine, Newton, Shirley:
Mr. Downing, Jeſſe, Adam:
Mr. Talbot, Riland, Stillingfleet, Fletcher:
Mr. Johnſon, Baddily, Andrews, Jane:
Mr. Hart, Symes, Brown, Rouquet:
Mr. Sellon:
Mr. Venn, Richardſon, Burnet, Furly, Crook:
Mr. Eaſtwood, Conyers, Bently, King:
Mr. Berridge, Hicks: G. W. J. W. C. W. John Richardſon, Benjamin Colley.

Not excluding any other Clergymen, who agree in theſe eſſentials,

I. Original ſin,
II. Juſtification by faith,
III. Holineſs of heart and life: provided their life be anſwerable to their doctrine.

"But *what union* would you deſire among theſe?" Not an union in *opinions*. They might agree or diſagree, touching abſolute decrees on the one hand, and perfection on the other. Not an union in *expreſſions*. Theſe may ſtill ſpeak of the *imputed righteouſneſs*, and thoſe of the *merits of Chriſt*. Not an union, with regard to *outward order*. Some may ſtill remain *quite regular*; ſome *quite irregular*: and ſome *partly regular* and *partly irregular*. But theſe things being as they are, as each is perſuaded in his own mind, is it not a moſt deſirable thing, that we ſhould

1. Remove

1. Remove hindrances out of the way! Not *judge* one another, not *deſpiſe* one another, not *envy* one another? Not be *diſpleaſed* at one another's *gifts* or *ſucceſs*, even though greater than our own? Not *wait* for one another's halting, much leſs *wiſh* for it, or *rejoice* therein?

Never *ſpeak* diſreſpectfully, ſlightly, coldly, or unkindly of each other: Never *repeat* each other's faults, miſtakes, or infirmities, much leſs *liſten* for and *gather* them up: never ſay or do any thing to hinder each other's uſefulneſs, either directly or indirectly.

Is it not a moſt deſirable thing, that we ſhould

2. *Love as brethren? Think well* of and *honour* one another? *Wiſh* all good, all grace, all gifts, all ſucceſs, yea greater than our own to each other? *Expect* God will anſwer our wiſh, *rejoice* in every appearance thereof, and *praiſe* him for it? *Readily believe* good of each other, as readily as we once believed evil?

Speak reſpectfully, honourably, kindly of each other: *defend* each other's character: ſpeak all the good we can of each other: recommend one another where we have influence: each *help* the other on in his work, and *inlarge* his influence by all the honeſt means we can.

This is the *union* which I have long ſought after. And is it not the duty of every one of us ſo to do? Would it not be far better for *ourſelves?* A means of promoting both our holineſs and happineſs? Would it not remove much *guilt* from thoſe who have been faulty in any of theſe inſtances? And much *pain* from thoſe who have kept themſelves pure? Would it not be far better for the *people?* Who ſuffer ſeverely from the claſhings and contentions of their leaders? Which ſeldom fail to occaſion many unprofitable, yea, hurtful diſputes among them. Would it not be better even for the poor, blind *world*, robbing them of their ſport, "O they cannot agree among themſelves." Would it not be better for the *whole work*

work of God which would then deepen and widen on every ſide?

"But it will never be: it is utterly impoſſible." Certainly it is *with men*. Who imagines *we* can do this? That it can be effected by any *human power?* All nature is againſt it, every infirmity, every *wrong temper* and *paſſion;* love of honour and praiſe, of power, of pre-eminence; or anger, reſentment, pride; long-contracted habit, and prejudice lurking in ten thouſand forms. The *devil* and all his angels are againſt it. For if this takes place, how ſhall his kingdom ſtand? All *the world*, all that know not God are againſt it, though they may ſeem to favour it for a ſeaſon. Let us ſettle this in our hearts, that we may be utterly cut off from all dependence on our own ſtrength or wiſdom.

But ſurely *with God all things are poſſible.* Therefore *all things are poſſible to him that believeth.* And this union is propoſed only to them that believe, that ſhew *their* faith by *their* works.

When *Mr. C.* was objecting the impoſſibility of ever effecting ſuch an union, I went up ſtairs, and after a little prayer, opened *Kempis* on theſe words.

"Expecta Dominum: Viriliter age: noli diffidere: Noli diſcedere, ſed corpus & animam expone conſtanter pro gloria Dei."

I am dear Sir,

Your affectionate Servant,

SCARBOROUGH, J. W.

April 29, 1764.

I received three letters in anſwer to this, (though not at the ſame time) part of which I gladly ſubjoin.

Dear Sir,

"I am not inſenſible of the happy conſequences it might produce, if "thoſe who agree in preaching that capital doctrine, *By grace ye are ſaved through faith*, would maintain a free intercourſe with each other;" and if it could by any means

be

be accompliſhed, it is doubtleſs an event moſt devoutedly to be wiſhed. It is what I always have ſhewn the greateſt readineſs to, and what I have laboured at, for theſe ſeveral years paſt, within my little ſphere: and, though my ſucceſs hitherto through cauſes, which I will not pretend to aſſign, has by no means equalled my hopes; yet I ſhall heartily rejoice, if at length it may pleaſe God to make you the inſtrument of effecting ſo important a deſign. For my own part, I deſpiſe no man for his opinion; however, I may be moſt cloſely attached (as every one is) to thoſe, whoſe judgment moſt nearly harmoniſes with my own: and if I can bear any thing, it is contradiction; ſo long as I am allowed the common liberty of anſwering for myſelf, without being treated with reproach or ſcorn for any heterodox notions I may be ſuppoſed to maintain.

"I ſhall very gladly go half way to London at any time, to give a meeting to a number of miniſters of any denomination, that may be brought together with this pious intention: and, I think, I may anſwer for Mr. Johnſon's concurrence. Will you forgive me, if for once I preſume to ſuggeſt, what (I apprehend) may be moſt conducive on ſuch an occaſion to our general profit and edification?

1. Let one of the books of the New Teſtament be made choice of previous to our interview, for the ſubject of our conference when we meet, not with a view of diſplaying our critical talents on every word or verſe that occurs; but of pointing out thoſe things which neceſſarily enter into the plan of apoſtolical preaching. 2. Let every one ſettle this in his heart before-hand, to expect contradiction at the ſame time reſolving to bear it calmly for the Lord's ſake: and ſeeing of ſelfiſhneſs, pride, and impatience, that is ready to take fire at the moſt trivial offence: Let us make it a point before-hand, daily to lament this our wretchedneſs of diſpoſition at the throne of grace

grace earneſtly beſeeching the Lord to prepare us all for our intended conference, by enduing us with the ſpirit of meekneſs, forbearance, humility, and love. 3. Let every one conſent to renounce any favourite phraſe, term, or mode of ſpeech, that is not ſcriptural, if required ſo to do by thoſe who diſſent from him. Becauſe whatever doctrine cannot maintain its ground without the aid of humanly-invented words, is not of God.

"I have unboſomed myſelf to you, in the frankeſt manner, with a view to promote that happy intercourſe which you wiſh to eſtabliſh: and if you imagine it will anſwer any good purpoſe, you are welcome to ſhew this letter to any of the miniſters you have had in your eye, and to diſcloſe to them largely all you know of,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and brother.

R. H."

Reverend and Dear Sir,

"I received your printed letter, and ſhould rejoice to ſee the union propoſed therein to take place; but I muſt own I am an infidel concerning it. Daily experience convinces me more and more, the zeal for opinions and charity. *Non bene conveniunt, nec iri una ſede morantur.* It has well nigh deſtroyed all Chriſtian love, zeal, and holineſs among us. I have met with greater trials from theſe bigots within this twelve-month, than I have met with from all other oppoſers for fifteen years. Many, that once would almoſt have plucked out their own eyes, and given them to me, they are now ready to pluck out my eyes.

"I really am tired of preaching to an ungrateful, gain-ſaying people. Pray for me, dear Sir, for my hands hang down exceedingly.

I am your unworthy brother,

W. S."

My

SHOREHAM.

My Reverend and dear brother,

"Your's of the 15th inſtant gave me both pain and pleaſure.

"I was highly delighted with your ardent wiſhes and endeavours for promoting the *ſpirit* of the *goſpel* among the *preachers* and other *profeſſors* of it:—but deeply concerned at the diſappointment and oppoſition you have met with!

"It has been always a *leading principle* with me, (and I pray God confirm and ſtrengthen it more and more) to *love* all thoſe *labourers of Chriſt*, who give proof by their *diligence*, their *holy* and *heavenly behaviour*, that they *love our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity*; even though *their ſentiments*, in many things, ſhould differ from *mine*.

"And therefore, though it be *abſurd* to expect an entire *union of ſentiments* in all things;—Yet the endeavouring, by every Chriſtian method, to *keep the union of the ſpirit in the bond of peace*,—is the indiſpenſable duty of all Chriſtians. Where this *ſpiritual peace and union* are not,—there *faith working by love*—is not: and where this *divine faith* is wanting,—there *Chriſt* is *wanting*: there his *ſpirit* is *wanting*; and then, *neither circumciſion*, nor *uncircumciſion will avail us any thing!*

"In this melancholy ſituation, whilſt we are ſtrangers to the *divine fruits* of the *Holy Spirit*,—let our *gifts* and *talents* be what they may;—let us *ſpeak with the tongues of men and of angels*; we are yet *nothing* in the ſight of God! Nay, though his *ſpirit* ſhould ſpread the *goſpel*, by our miniſtry, in the hearts of thouſands; yet our own ſouls will remain but a *barren wilderneſs!* and *Chriſt* may ſay,—"*I never knew you.*"

"How ought we therefore always to pray,—that the *peace of God may ever rule in our hearts*:—that we may be *rooted and grounded in love*; and that we may conſtantly *follow after the things*,

 which

which make for peace; and things wherewith one may edify another!

"This is the *goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt!* And may God impreſs it thoroughly upon the *minds and hearts* of all!—And may the poor *deſpiſed flock grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt!*

I am, Dear Sir,

Your's moſt affectionately,

VIN. PERRONET."

April 20, being *Good-friday*, we had a parting bleſſing at five. I then rode to *Robinhood's bay*, and about two preached in the Little ſquare. A poor madman, literally ſuch, came up to me juſt as I began, and ſat down quietly till I had done. At ſix I preached in the new houſe at *Whitby*, ill containing the congregation. Here God does ſtill make bare his arm, and ſinners are continually converted to him.

Saturday 21. I viſited one who was ill in bed, and after having buried ſeven of her family in ſix months, had juſt heard, that the eighth, her beloved huſband, was caſt away at ſea. I aſked, "Do not you fret at any of theſe things?" She ſaid, with a lovely ſmile upon her pale cheek, "O no! How can I fret at any thing, which is the will of God? Let him take all beſides: he has given me himſelf. I love, I praiſe him every moment." Let any that doubts of Chriſtian perfection, look on ſuch a ſpectacle as this! One in ſuch circumſtances rejoicing evermore, and continually giving thanks.

April 22. (Eaſter-day) I preached in the Room at five and at eight. There were ſuch a number of communicants at church, as it was ſuppoſed, had not been there theſe fifty years. In the evening I preached under the cliff, for the ſake of thoſe who were not able to get up the hill. The ſkirts of the congregation could not hear, though

though my voice was clear and loud. But the bulk of them ſeemed both to hear and underſtand. How ripe for the goſpel is this place?

Monday 23. After preaching at five, I met the Select Society, who ſeem all to have taſted of the ſame bleſſing. I then rode to *Giſborough*, and about eleven preached in a meadow to a large and ſerious congregation: but not more ſerious than that in the ſtreet at *Stokeſly*, to whom I declared in the afternoon, *Jeſus Chriſt made of God unto us wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification and redemption.* I was a little tired before I came to *Hutton*. But it was over, when I ſaw the huge congregation, among them I found a greater bleſſing, than either at *Stokeſly* or *Giſborough*. I then met the Society, gathered from all parts. Afterwards I met the Select Society. And when they were gone, I was juſt as freſh, as when I ſet out in the morning.

Tueſday 24. I preached about noon at *Potto*, and in the evening, in the *New-Houſe* at *Yarm*, by far the moſt elegant in *England*. A large congregation attended at five in the morning, and ſeemed to be juſt ripe for the exhortation, *Let us go on to perfection.* I had indeed the ſatisfaction of finding moſt of the believers here, athirſt for full redemption.

In the evening I preached at *Stockton*. The rain was ſuſpended, while I was inforcing thoſe awful words, *Now God commandeth all men every where to repent.* Friday 27. I was obliged to preach abroad at five; as alſo in *Darlington* at noon, and at *Barnard-Caſtle* in the evening: where many hearts were bowed down before the Lord.

Saturday 28. I rode to *Newcaſtle*, here I received a letter from *John Johnſon* at *York*. "This evening about a quarter before ſeven, it pleaſed God to take to himſelf our dear brother *John Manners*, after a time of remarkable affliction, and as remarkable patience. He was

clearly ſenſible to the laſt, as well as ſolidly happy, ſaying, "The way is quite clear: my heart is at liberty."

Sunday 29. The ground being wet with heavy rain, I preached in the houſe both morning and evening. I ſoon found what ſpirit the people were of. No jar, no contention is here; but all are peaceably and lovingly ſtriving together, for the hope of the goſpel. And what can hurt the *Methodiſts* ſo called, but the *Methodiſts?* Only let them not fight one another, let not brother lift up his ſword againſt brother, and *no weapon formed againſt them ſhall proſper.*

Monday 30. I received a letter from *Cornwall*, wherein were theſe words: "Yeſterday, I preached to a large congregation at St. *John's*. The occaſion was this. One of our friends came into Mr. *Thomas's* a few days ſince. After ſpeaking a little upon buſineſs, he ſaid, "What need have we to watch." Preſently ſitting down, he added, "There is but one ſtep between me and death," and died.

Wedneſday, May 2. I talked with *M. L.* a remarkable monument of divine mercy. She is about two and twenty, and has about ſix hundred pounds a year in her own hands. Some months ſince God ſpoke peace to her ſoul, while ſhe was wreſtling with him in private prayer. This was never entirely taken from her, even while ſhe was almoſt alone. But ſhe was often dull and faint, till ſhe broke through all hinderances, and joined heart and hand with the children of God.

Tueſday 8. We rode over the wild moors to *Weſſingham*. It proved to be the fair-day. So I had hearers from all parts. In the evening I preached to the ſimple, loving, earneſt people, at *Barnard-Caſtle*. If all to whom we preach where of this ſpirit, what an harveſt would enſue?

Wedneſday 9. I was invited to breakfaſt by Mr. — a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been ſchool-fellows at the *Charter-houſe*: and he

he remembered *me*, though I had forgot *him*. I ſpent a very agreeable hour, with a ſerious as well as ſenſible man.

About noon I preached to a large congregation in *Teeſdale*, and to a ſtill larger in *Wardale* in the evening. The next day, after preaching at *Prudhoe* and *Nafferton*, I returned to *Newcaſtle*.

Tueſday 15. I rode to *Southſhields*, and was perſuaded to preach in the houſe. It was well I did, for about the middle of the ſermon, there was a violent ſhower. But it was quite fair at ſix while I preached at *Northſhields*, to a very large and yet very ſerious congregation. How is the ſcene changed, ſince my brother preached here, when the people were ready to ſwallow him up? O what has God wrought in this land, within four or five and twenty years!

Friday 18. I received much ſatisfaction in converſing with the moſt honourable member of our Society, *Henry Jackſon*, now in the ninety fifth or ninety ſixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man, Mr *Elliot* of *New England*: who frequently uſed to ſay to his friends, a few years before he went to God, "My memory is gone: my underſtanding is gone: but I think I have more love than ever."

Saturday 19. I preached to the poor Colliers at *P*— who are ſtill a pattern to all the country. We rode home by a great houſe I had frequently heard of. The front is truly noble. In the houſe I ſaw nothing remarkable, but what was remarkably bad: ſuch pictures as an honeſt heathen would be aſhamed to receive under his roof: unleſs he deſigned his wife and daughters ſhould be common proſtitutes. And this is the high faſhion! What an abundant proof of the *taſte* of the preſent age?

Sunday 20. Between eight and nine I preached in *Gateſhead*, to a liſtening multitude. I believe their number was doubled at *the Fall*, about two

in the afternoon. About five I preached to ſuch another congregation, on the outſide of *Pandon-Gate*. I know not that I ever before preached to three ſuch congregations in one day: ſuch as obliged me to ſpeak to the utmoſt extent of my voice, from the firſt word to the laſt. But it was all one. I was no more tired in the evening, than if I had ſat ſtill all day.

Monday 21. I took my leave of *Newcaſtle*, and about noon preached in the market-place at *Morpeth*. A few of the hearers were a little ludicrous at firſt; but their mirth was quickly ſpoiled. In the evening I preached in the court-houſe at *Alnwick*, where I reſted the next day. Wedneſday 23. I rode over the ſands to *Holy-Iſland*, once the famous ſee of a biſhop; now the reſidence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fiſhing. At one ſide of the town are the ruins of the Cathedral, with an adjoining Monaſtry. It appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle iſle being almoſt entire. I preached in what was once the market-place, to almoſt all the inhabitants of the iſland, and diſtributed ſome little books among them, for which they were exceeding thankful. In the evening I preached at *Berwick upon Tweed*: the next evening at *Dunbar*: and on Friday 25, about ten at *Haddington*, in Provoſt *D's* yard to a very elegant congregation. But I expect little good will be done here. For we begin at the wrong end. Religion muſt not go *from the greateſt to the leaſt*, or the power would *appear to be of men*.

In the evening I preached at *Muſſelborough*, and the next, on the *Calton-hill* at *Edinburgh*. It being the time of the general-aſſembly, many of the Miniſters were there. The wind was high and ſharp, and blew away a few delicate ones. But moſt of the congregation did not ſtir, till I had concluded.

Sunday

Sunday 27. At ſeven I preached in the *High School yard*, on the other ſide of the city. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew a ſtorm. However having appointed to be on the *Calton-hill*, I began there, to an huge congregation. At firſt, the wind was a little troubleſome; but I ſoon forgot it. And ſo did the people for an hour and half, in which I fully delivered my own ſoul.

Monday 28. I ſpent ſome hours at the general aſſembly, compoſed of about a hundred and fifty Miniſters. I was ſurpriſed to obſerve, 1. That *any* one was admitted, even lads, twelve or fourteen years old: 2. That the chief ſpeakers were Lawyers, ſix or ſeven on one ſide only: 3. That a ſingle queſtion took up the whole time, which when I went away, ſeemed to be as far from a concluſion as ever, namely, "Shall Mr. *Lindſay* be removed to *Kilmarnock* pariſh or not?" The argument for it was, "He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own." The argument againſt it was, "The people are reſolved, not to hear him, and will leave the Kirk, if he comes." If then the real point in view had been (as their law directs) "*Majus bonum Eccléſiæ*," inſtead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

On Monday and Tueſday I ſpoke to the members of the Society ſeverally. Thurſday 31. I rode to *Dundee*, and about half an hour after ſix, preached on the ſide of a meadow near the town. Poor and rich attended. Indeed there is ſeldom fear of wanting a congregation in *Scotland*. But the misfortune is, they *know every thing*. So they *learn nothing*.

Friday June 1. I rode to *Brachin*, where Mr. *B.* received me in the moſt friendly manner. In the afternoon I preached on the ſide of an hill near the town, where we ſoon forgot the cold,

I truſt,

I truſt, there will be not only a knowing, but a loving people in this place.

About ſeven Mr. *B.* was occaſionally mentioning, what had lately occurred in the next pariſh. I thought it worth a farther enquiry, and therefore ordered our horſes to be brought immediately. Mr. *B.* guided us to Mr. *Ogglevie's* houſe, the Miniſter of the pariſh: who informed us, "That a ſtrange diſorder had appeared in his pariſh, between thirty and forty years ago; but that nothing of the kind had been known there ſince, till ſome time in September laſt. A boy was then taken ill, and ſo continues ſtill. In the end of January or beginning of February, many other children were taken, chiefly girls, and a few grown perſons. They begin with an involuntary ſhaking of their hands and feet. Then their lips are convulſed; next their tongue, which ſeems to cleave to the roof of the mouth. Then the eyes are ſet, ſtaring terribly, and the whole face variouſly diſtorted. Preſently they ſtart up, and jump ten, fifteen or twenty times together ſtrait upward, two, three, or more feet from the ground. Then they ſtart forward, and run with amazing ſwiftneſs, two, three, or five hundred yards. Frequently they run up like a cat, to the top of a houſe, and jump on the ridge of it, as on the ground. But wherever they are, they never fall, or miſs their footing at all. After they have run and jumped for ſome time, they drop down as dead. When they come to themſelves, they uſually tell, when and where they ſhall be taken again: frequently, how often and where they ſhall jump, and to what places they ſhall run."

I aſked, "Are any of them near?" He ſaid, "Yes, at thoſe houſes." We walked thither without delay. One of them was four years and half old, the other about eighteen. The child, we found, had had three or four fits that day, running and jumping like the reſt, and in particular,

cular, leaping many times from a high table to the ground, without the leaſt hurt. The young woman was the only perſon of them all, who uſed to keep her ſenſes during the fit. In anſwer to many queſtions, ſhe ſaid, "I firſt feel a pain in my left foot, then in my head. Then my hands and feet ſhake, and I cannot ſpeak. And quickly I begin to jump or run." While we were talking ſhe cried out, "O, I have a pain in my foot. It is in my hand. It is here, at the bending of my arm. O my head, my head." Immediately her arms were ſtretched out, and were as an iron bar: I could not bend one of her fingers: and her body was bent backward; the lower part remaining quite erect, while her back formed exactly a half circle, her head hanging even with her hips. I was going to catch her; but one ſaid, "Sir, you may let her alone; for they never fall." But I defy all mankind to account for her not falling, when the trunk of her body hung in that manner.

In many circumſtances this caſe goes far beyond the famous one mentioned by *Boerhaave*: particularly in that: their telling before, when and how they ſhould be taken again. Whoever can account for this upon natural principles, has my free leave. I cannot: I therefore believe, if this be in part a natural diſtemper, there is ſomething preternatural too. Yet ſuppoſing this, I can eaſily conceive, Satan will ſo diſguiſe *his* part therein, that we cannot preciſely determine, which part of the diſorder is natural, and which preternatural.

Saturday 2. I rode to *Aberdeen* and preached in the evening in the College-hall, and at ſeven in the morning, Sunday 3. At four in the afternoon, I preached to a crouded audience in the College-Kirk at *Old Aberdeen*. At ſeven I preached in the College-cloſe, at *New Aberdeen*. But the congregation was ſo exceeding large, that many were not able to hear. However many did hear; and

and I think *feel* the application of *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

We want nothing here but a larger houſe. And the foundation of one is laid already. It is true, we have little money, and the Society is poor. But we know in whom we have believed.

Thurſday 8. I rode over to Sir *Archibald Grant's*, twelve computed miles from *Aberdeen*. It is ſurprizing to ſee, how the country between is improved even within theſe three years. On every ſide the wild, dreary moors are ploughed up, and covered with riſing corn. All the ground near Sir *Archibald's* in particular, is as well cultivated as moſt in *England*. About ſeven I preached. The Kirk was pretty well filled, though upon ſhort notice. Certainly this is a nation *ſwift to hear*, and *ſlow to ſpeak*, though not *ſlow to wrath*.

Mr. *Grant*, a gentleman from the county of *Murray*, came in ſoon after us; and underſtanding we were going North, deſired we would call at the *Grange-green* in our way. In the morning, Friday 9, I rode to *Old Meldrum*, and preached in the market-place at noon, to a large and ſerious congregation, among whom were the Miniſter and his wife. But I was more ſurprized, to ſee a company of our friends from *Aberdeen*, ſeveral of whom had come on foot, twelve old *Scotch* miles, and intended to walk back thither the ſame day. In the afternoon we rode to *Banff*. I had deſigned to preach: but the ſtormy weather would not permit. We ſet out early on Saturday morning, and reached *Nairn* in the evening. Sunday 10. About eight we reached *Inverneſs*. I could not preach abroad, becauſe of the rain, nor could I hear of any convenient room: ſo that I was afraid, my coming hither would be in vain, always ſeeming to be blocked up. At ten I went to the Kirk. After ſervice, Mr. *Fraſer*, one of the Miniſters, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were drinking tea, he aſked, "At what hour I would pleaſe to preach?" I

ſaid,

ſaid, "At half hour paſt five. The high Kirk was filled in a very ſhort time. And I have ſeldom found greater liberty of ſpirit. The other Miniſter came afterwards to our inn, and ſhewed the moſt cordial affection. Were it only for this day, I ſhould not have regretted the riding an hundred miles.

Monday 11. A gentleman who lives three miles from the town, invited me to his houſe, aſſuring me, the Miniſter of his pariſh would be glad, if I would make uſe of his Kirk. But time would not permit, as I appointed to be at *Aberdeen* on Wedneſday. All I could do was, to preach once more at *Inverneſs*. I think the church was fuller now than before. And I could not but obſerve the remarkable behaviour of the whole congregation after ſervice. Neither man, woman, nor child ſpoke one word, all down the main ſtreet. Indeed the ſerioufneſs of the people is the leſs ſurpriſing when it is conſidered, that for at leaſt an hundred years, this town has had ſuch a ſucceſſion of pious Miniſters, as very few in *Great-Britain* have known.

After *Edinburgh*, *Glaſgow* and *Aberdeen*, I think *Inverneſs* is the largeſt town I have ſeen in *Scotland*. The main ſtreets are broad and ſtrait; the houſes moſtly old; but not very bad, nor very good. It ſtands in a pleaſant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and godlineſs. The people in general ſpeak remarkably good *Engliſh*, and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

About eleven we took horſe. While we were dining at *Nairn*, the inn-keeper ſaid, "Sir, the gentlemen of the town, have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would give them a ſermon." Upon my conſenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the Kirk. O what a difference is there between *South* and *North-Britain!* Every one here at leaſt loves to *hear* the

the word of God. And none takes it into his head, to ſpeak one uncivil word, to any for endeavouring to ſave their ſouls.

Doubting whether Mr. *Grant* was come home, Mr *Kerſhaw*, called at the *Grange-green*, near *Farras*, while I rode forward. But Mr. *Grant* ſoon called me back. I have ſeldom ſeen a more agreeable place. The houſe is an old caſtle, which ſtands on a little hill, with a delightful proſpect all four ways. And the hoſpitable maſter left nothing undone, to make it ſtill more agreeable. He ſhewed us all his improvements, which are very conſiderable in every branch of huſbandry. In his gardens many things were more forward, than at *Aberdeen*, yea or *Newcaſtle*. And how is it, that none but one Highland gentleman has diſcovered, that we have a tree in *Britain*, as eaſily raiſed as an aſh, the wood of which is of full as fine a red as mahogany! Namely the *Liburnum*. I defy any mahogany to exceed the chairs which he has lately made of this.

Thurſday 12. We rode through the pleaſant and fertile county of *Murray* to *Elgin*. I never ſuſpected before, that there was any ſuch country as this, near an hundred and fifty miles beyond *Edinburgh*: a country which is ſuppoſed to have generally ſix weeks more ſunſhine in a year than any part of *Great-Britain*.

At *Elgin* are the ruins of a noble cathedral, the largeſt that I remember to have ſeen in the kingdom. We rode thence to the *Spey*, the moſt rapid river next the *Rhine*, that I ever ſaw. Though the water was not breaſt-high to our horſes, they could very hardly keep their feet. We dined at *Keith*, and rode on to *Strathbogie*, much improved by the linen manufacture. All the country from *Fochaber* to *Strathbogie*, has little houſes ſcattered up and down. And not only the valleys but the mountains themſelves are improved with the utmoſt care. There want only more trees to make them more pleaſant than

moſt

moſt of the mountains in *England*. The whole family at our inn, eleven or twelve in number, gladly joined with us in prayer at night. Indeed ſo they did at every inn where we lodged. For among all the ſins, they have imported from *England*, the *Scots* have not yet learned, at leaſt not the common people, to ſcoff at ſacred things.

Wedneſday 13. We reached *Aberdeen* about one. Between ſix and ſeven, both this evening and the next, I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe, and found it a time of much conſolation. Friday 15. We ſet out early, and came to *Dundee*, juſt as the boat was going off. We deſigned to lodge at the houſe on the other ſide; but could not get either meat, drink, or good words. So we were conſtrained to ride on to *Coupar*. After travelling near ninety miles, I found no wearineſs at all. Neither were our horſes hurt. Thou, O Lord, doſt ſave both man and beaſt!

Saturday 16. We had a ready paſſage at *Kinghorn*, and in the evening I preached on the *Kalton-hill*, to a very large congregation. But a ſtill larger aſſembled at ſeven on Sunday morning in the *High School-yard*. Being afterwards informed, that the Lord's ſupper was to be adminiſtered in the *Weſt Kirk*, I knew not what to do. But at length I judged it beſt to embrace the opportunity, though I did not admire the manner of adminiſtration. After the uſual morning ſervice, the Miniſter enumerated ſeveral ſorts of ſinners, whom he forbad to approach. Two long tables were ſet on the ſides of one iſle, covered with table-cloths. On each ſide of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three Miniſters ſat at the top, behind a croſs-table; one of whom made a long exhortation, cloſed with the words of our Lord; and then breaking the bread gave it to him who ſat on each ſide him. A piece of bread was then given to him who ſat firſt on each of the four benches. He broke off a little

piece, and gave the bread to the next: ſo it went on, the deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the firſt perſon on each bench, and ſo by one to another. The Miniſter continued his exhortation, all the time they were receiving. Then four verſes of the twenty-ſecond pſalm were ſung, while new perſons ſat down at the tables. A ſecond miniſter then prayed, conſecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the ſervice uſually laſted till five in the evening. How much more ſimple, as well as more ſolemn, is the ſervice of the church of *England?*

The evening congregation on the hill, was far the largeſt I have ſeen in the kingdom: and the moſt deeply affected. Many were in tears; more ſeemed cut to the heart. Surely this time will not ſoon be forgotten. Will it not appear in the annals of eternity?

Monday 18. I ſet out early, and reached *Wooler* about four in the afternoon. Some friends from *Newcaſtle* met me here, and took me in a chaiſe to *Whittingham*. Tueſday 19. After preaching about noon at *Morpeth*, we went on to *Newcaſtle*. The fire had not gone out ſince I was here. I felt it as ſoon as I began to ſpeak; and ſo, it ſeems, did the whole congregation. At five in the morning the ſame ſpirit was in the midſt of us, as well as at ſeven in the evening: but moſt of all at *the Fell*, while I was applying thoſe words, *Believe and thou ſhalt be ſaved.*

Thurſday 21. Leaving the houſe of God, I rode to *Carliſle*. The day was extremely ſultry, ſo that I was faint and feveriſh in the evening. However the next day I got well to *Whitehaven*.

What has continually hurt this poor people is offence. I found the Society all in confuſion, becauſe a woman had "ſcolded with her neighbour," and another "ſtole a two-penny loaf." I talked largely with thoſe, who had been moſt offended: and they ſtood reproved. Sunday 24.

About

About ſeven I preached at *the Gins*, and the people flocked together from all quarters. The want of field-preaching has been one cauſe of deadneſs here. I do not find any great increaſe of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aſide, I expect the whole work will gradually die away.

Monday 25. I rode by *Keſwick* to *Kendal*. The clouds ſhaded us moſt of the way, and the wind was juſt in our face; otherwiſe we ſhould ſcarce have been able to bear the heat. A few years ſince the fields here were white for the harveſt. But the poor people have ſince been ſo harraſt, by ſeceders, and diſputers of every kind, that they are dry and dead as ſtones. Yet I think ſome of them felt the power of God this evening. And can he not *out of theſe ſtones, raiſe up children unto Abraham?*

Tueſday 26. I preached abroad at five. And, I believe not in vain. Between nine and ten we reached *Black-Burton*, where there was a general awakening, till the jars between Mr. *Ingham* and *Allen* laid the people aſleep again. However ſome are united again in a quiet, loving Society, zealous of good works. I preached about eleven. Thence we rode to *Long-Preſton*, being ſtill fanned by the wind, and (unleſs a few minutes now and then) ſhaded by the clouds. The congregation was exceeding ſerious. Hence I rode to *Shipton*, where ſometime ſince, no *Methodiſt* preacher could appear. I preached in the evening near the bridge, without the leaſt interruption. Nor did I find any wearineſs, after preaching four times, and riding fifty miles.

Wedneſday 27. I rode to *Otley*. In the evening we had a large congregation, at the foot of the great mountain: after preaching in the morning, I examined thoſe who believe they are ſaved from ſin. They are a little increaſed in number ſince I met them laſt; and ſome of them much increaſed in love. This evening I preached at

Guiſeley, the next at *Kighley*, and on Saturday 30, at *Bradford*. This was a place of contention for many years. But ſince the contentions have quitted us, all is peace. Sunday July 1. I preached at ſeven to a more numerous congregation, than I believe ever aſſembled there before. And all were ſerious as death. About one I preached at *Birſtal*, on *Now is the day of ſalvation*. The people ſtood by thouſands, covering both the plain and the ſides of the adjacent hill. It was a glorious opportunity. At five the congregation in *Leeds* was almoſt as large, but not ſo deeply affected.

Monday 2. I gave a fair hearing to two of our brethren, who had proved bankrupts. Such we immediately exclude from our Society, unleſs it plainly appears, not to be their own fault. Both theſe were in a proſperous way, till they fell into that wretched trade of *Bill-broking*, wherein no man continues long, without being wholly ruined. By this means not being ſufficiently accurate in their accounts, they ran back without being ſenſible of it. Yet it was quite clear, that *I— R—* is an honeſt man: I would *hope* the ſame concerning the other.

Tueſday 3. I was reflecting on an odd circumſtance, which I cannot account for. I never reliſh a tune at firſt hearing, not till I have *almoſt* learnt to ſing it. And as I learn it more perfectly, I gradually loſe my reliſh for it. I obſerve ſomething ſimilar in poetry; yea, in all the objects of imagination. I ſeldom reliſh verſes at firſt hearing; till I have heard them over and over, they give me no pleaſure: and they give me next to none, when I have heard them a few times more, ſo as to be quite familiar. Juſt ſo a face or a picture, which does not ſtrike me at firſt, becomes more pleaſing, as I grow more acquainted with it. But only to a certain point: for when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleaſing. O how imperfectly do we underſtand, even the machine which we carry about us! Thurſday

Thurſday 5. I had the comfort of leaving our brethren at *Leeds*, united in peace and love. About one I preached in a meadow at *Wakefield*. At firſt the ſun was inconvenient. But it was not many minutes before that inconvenience was removed, by the clouds coming between. We had not only a larger, but a far more attentive congregation, than ever was ſeen here before. One indeed, a kind of gentleman, was walking away, with great unconcern, when I ſpoke aloud, "Does Gallio care for none of theſe things? But where will you go with the wrath of God on your head, and the curſe of God on your back?" He ſtopt ſhort, ſtood ſtill and went no farther, till the ſermon was ended.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill near *Dewſbury*, one of the pleaſanteſt towns in *England*. The congregation was larger than ever before. They filled the preaching-houſe at five in the morning.

I had propoſed to take horſe early, to avoid the heat; but was detained till between nine and ten. It was then warm enough, there being no wind, and the ſun ſhining full in our face. However before one we got to *Heptonſtall*, where I preached in the ſhell of the new houſe. After ſervice, one brought his daughter to me, who had been ill ſome months, juſt like thoſe near *Brechin*. Her ſiſter was ſo two years ſince, and when that recovered, this was taken. How often muſt even phyſicians acknowledge ſpiritual agents, did not *the nerves* help them out as a dead lift?

In the evening I preached at *Halifax*, where I had the pleaſure of meeting Mr. *V*—, with whom in the morning, Saturday 7. I rode to *Huddersfield*, and preached between eleven and twelve: the church was pretty well filled, conſidering the ſhort warning. At half hour after one we took horſe. The ſun ſhone burning hot, and the wind was on our back. But very ſoon the ſky was overcaſt, and the wind changed and blew juſt in

our face all the way to *Mancheſter*. It was with difficulty that I preached in the evening, my voice being exceeding weak: as I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times abroad.

Sunday 8. I rode to *Stockport*, and preached at one on a green at the end of the town. A few wild young men ſtrove to make a diſturbance. But none regarded them. At five I preached at *Mancheſter* on *one thing is needful*, and ſcarce knew how to leave off. At the meeting of the Society likewiſe, it pleaſed God to comfort us greatly. Monday 9. The ſtewards from various parts gave a good account of the work of God among them, ſteadily increaſing on every ſide. In the evening, curioſity brought to the houſe, many *unbelievers*, in the proper ſenſe, men who do not receive the Chriſtian revelation. I preached on *Thou ſhalt love thy neighbour as thyſelf*, and proved them ſinners on their own principles. Some of the ſtout-hearted trembled. I hope, to more purpoſe than poor *Felix* did.

Wedneſday 11. I gave all our brethren a ſolemn warning, not to *love the world, or the things of the world*. This is one way whereby Satan will ſurely endeavour, to overthrow the preſent work of God. Riches ſwiftly increaſe on many Methodiſts, ſo called: what but the mighty power of God, can hinder their *ſetting* their *hearts upon them?* And if ſo, the life of God vaniſhes away.

About ſeven I preached in the ſtreet at *Bolton*, to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. It was a calm, ſtill evening, and the congregation was as quiet as the ſeaſon, though compoſed of awakened and unawakened churchmen, diſſenters, and what not? As many as the houſe would well contain were preſent again at five in the morning. About ſeven in the evening, the multitude of people conſtrained me to preach in the ſtreet, though it rained. But in a very

a very ſhort time, the rain ſtopped: and I ſtrongly inforced our Lord's word, *If thou canſt believe, all things are poſſible to him that believeth.*

After ſermon, one was mentioning a perſon who according to his account was diſordered juſt like thoſe in *Scotland.* In the morning Friday 13, her father brought her over. Soon after ſhe fell into a fit: but it was plainly natural. I judged it to be of the epileptic kind; when ſhe fell into a ſecond, I adviſed electrifying. The fit ceaſed by a very gentle ſhock. A third was removed in the ſame manner. And ſhe was ſo well that her father found no difficulty in carrying her home behind him.

At ten I began to preach at *Wigan*, proverbially famous for all manner of wickedneſs. As I preached abroad, we expected ſome diſturbance: but there was none at all. A few were wild at firſt; but in a little ſpace, grew quiet and attentive. I did not find ſo civil a congregation as this, the firſt time I preached at *Bolton.*

To-day I wrote the following letter, which I deſire may be ſeriouſly conſidered, by thoſe to whom it belongs.

"Dear Sir,

"There was one thing when I was with you, that gave me pain. You are not in the Society. But why not? Are there not ſufficient arguments for it, to move any reaſonable man? Do you not hereby make an open confeſſion of Chriſt, of what you really believe to be *his* work, and of thoſe whom you judge to be in a proper ſenſe, *his* people and his meſſengers? By this means do not you encourage his people and ſtrengthen the hands of his meſſengers? And is not this the way to enter into the ſpirit, and ſhare the bleſſing of a Chriſtian community? Hereby likewiſe you may have the benefit of the advices and exhortations at the meeting of the Society: and alſo of provoking one another, at the private meetings, to love and to good works.

"The

"The ordinary objects to such an union are little weight with *you*. You are not afraid of the *expence*. You already give unto the Lord as much as you need do then. And you are not *ashamed* of the gospel of Christ, even in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Perhaps you will say, "I am joined in *affection*." True, but not to so good effect. This *joining half-way*, this being a friend to, but not a member of the Society, is by no means so open a confession of the work and servants of God. Many go thus far who dare not go farther, who are ashamed to bear the reproach of an entire union. Either, *you* are ashamed, or you are not. If you are, break through at once: if you are not, come into the light, and do what these well-meaning cowards dare not do. This imperfect union is not so *encouraging* to the people, nor *so strengthning* to the preachers. Rather it is weakening their hands, hindering their work, and laying a stumbling-block in the way of others, for what can any man think, who knows you are so well acquainted with them, and yet do not join in their Society? What can we think, but that you know them *too well* to come any nearer to them; that you know that kind of union to be *useless* if not *hurtful*. And yet by this very union is the whole (external) work of God upheld throughout the nation; besides all the spiritual good which accrues to each member. O delay no longer, for the sake of the work, for the sake of the world, for the sake of your brethren, join them inwardly and outwardly, heart and hand, for the sake of your own soul. There is something not easily explained in the *fellowship of the Spirit*, which we enjoy with a Society of living Christians, you have no need to give up your share therein, and in the various blessings that result from it. You have no need to exclude yourself from the benefit of the advice and exhortations given from time to time. These are by no means to be despised,

even

even ſuppoſing you have yourſelf more underſtanding than him that gives them. You need not looſe the benefit of thoſe prayers, which experience ſhews are attended with a peculiar bleſſing, "But I do not care to meet a claſs: I find no good in it;" ſuppoſe you find even a diſlike, a loathing, of it; may not this be natural or even diabolical? In ſpite of this break through, make a fair trial. It is but a *lion in the way*. Meet only ſix times, (with previous prayer) and ſee if it do not vaniſh away. But if it be a croſs, ſtill bear it, for the ſake of your brethren. "But I want to gain my friends and relations." If ſo, ſtand firm. If you give way, you hurt them, and they will preſs upon you more. If you do not, you will probably gain them, otherwiſe you confirm both their wrong notions and wrong tempers. Becauſe I love you I have ſpoken fully and freely; to know that I have not ſpoken in vain, will be a great ſatisfaction to

Your affectionate brother,

J. W."

In the evening I preached at *Liverpool*, and the next day. Sunday 15. The houſe was full enough. Many of the rich and faſhionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed I have always obſerved more courteſy and humanity at *Liverpool*, than at moſt ſea-ports in *England*.

Monday 16. In the evening, the houſe was fuller, if poſſible, than the night before. I preached on the *one thing needful*; and the rich behaved as ſeriouſly as the poor. Only one young gentlewoman, (I heard) laughed much. Poor thing! Doubtleſs ſhe thought, "I laugh prettily."

Tueſday 17. I preached at *Warrington*. But what a change! No oppoſer, nor no trifler now! Every one heard as for life, while I explained and applied, *Why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?*

In

In the evening I preached in the little ſquare, adjoining to the preaching-houſe at *Cheſter*. There were many wild, rude people, but they were quite out-numbered by thoſe that were civil and attentive. And I believe ſome impreſſion was made on the wildeſt. What can ſhake Satan's kingdom like *field-preaching?*

Wedneſday 18. I ſhould have been glad of a day of reſt. But notice had been given of my preaching at noon near *Tatten-hall*. The rain began almoſt as ſoon as we came in. So I could not preach abroad as I deſigned, but in a large commodious barn, where all that were preſent, ſeemed to receive the word of God with joy and reverence.

The congregation at *Cheſter*, in the evening was more numerous, and far more ſerious than the day before. There wants only a little more field-preaching here, and *Cheſter*, would be as quiet as *London*.

Thurſday 19. After preaching at *Little-Leigh*, I rode on to *Macclesfield*. Here I heard an agreeable account of Mrs. *R*——, who was in the Society at *London* from a child; but after ſhe was married to a rich man, durſt not own a poor, deſpiſed people. Laſt year ſhe broke through and came to ſee *me*. A few words which I then ſpoke never left her, not even in the trying hour, during the illneſs which came a few months after. All her converſation was then in heaven; till feeling her ſtrength quite exhauſted, ſhe ſaid with a ſmile, "Death thou art welcome," and reſigned her ſpirit.

I preached about ſeven to an huge multitude of attentive hearers. Friday 20. At noon we made the ſame ſhift at *Congleton*, as when I was here laſt. I ſtood in the window, having put as many women as it would contain into the houſe. The reſt, with the men, ſtood below in the meadow, and many of the townſmen, wild enough. I have ſcarce found ſuch enlargement of heart, ſince I came

came from *Newcaſtle*. The brutes reſiſted long, but were at length overcome, not above five or ſix excepted. Surely *man* ſhall not long *have the upperhand*; God will get unto himſelf the victory.

It rained all the day, till ſeven in the evening, when I began preaching at *Borſlem*. Even the poor potters here are a more civilized people, than the *better ſort*, ſo called at *Congleton*. A few ſtood with their hats on, but none ſpoke a word, or offered to make the leaſt diſturbance.

Saturday 21. I rode to *Bilbrook*, near *Wolverhampton*, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to *Madeley*, an exceeding pleaſant village encompaſſed with trees and hills. It was a great comfort to me, to converſe once more with a Methodiſt of the old ſtamp, denying himſelf, taking up his croſs, and reſolved to be *altogether a Chriſtian*.

Sunday 22. At ten Mr. *Fletcher* read prayers, and I preached on thoſe words in the goſpel, *I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the ſheep*. The church would nothing near contain the congregation. But a window near the pulpit being taken down, thoſe who could not come in, ſtood in the church-yard, and I believe all could hear. The congregation, they ſaid, uſed to be much ſmaller, in the afternoon than in the morning. But I could not diſcern the leaſt difference, either in number or ſeriouſneſs.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours, in praying with various companies, who hung about the houſe, inſatiably hungring and thirſting after the good word. Mr. *Grimſhaw*, at his firſt coming to *Haworth*, had not ſuch a proſpect as this. There are many adverſaries indeed; but yet they cannot *ſhut the open and effectual door*.

Monday 23. The church was pretty well filled even at five, and many ſtood in the church-yard.

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In the evening I preached at *Shrewſbury*, to a large congregation, among whom where ſeveral men of fortune. I truſt, though hitherto we ſeem to have been ploughing on the ſand, there will at laſt be ſome fruit.

The next day I ſpent at *Shrewſbury*. Wedneſday 24, I took horſe a little after four, and about two preached in the market-houſe at *Lanidlos*, two or three and forty miles from *Shrewſbury*. At three we rode forward through the mountains to *Fountain-head*. I was for lodging there; but Mr. *B.* being quite unwilling, we mounted again about ſeven. After having rode an hour, we found we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at ſetting out. We were then told, to ride over ſome grounds: but our path ſoon ended in the edge of a bog: however we got through to a little houſe, where an honeſt man inſtantly mounting his horſe, gallopped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road, which he ſaid led ſtrait to *Roes-Fair*. We rode on, till another met us and ſaid, No, this is the way to *Aberyſtwith*. If you would go to *Roes-Fair*, you muſt turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge. The maſter of a little houſe near the bridge, then directed us to the next village: where we enquired again, (it being paſt nine) and were once more ſet exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, through rocks, and bogs and precipices, we with abundance of difficulty got back, to the little houſe near the bridge. It was vain to think of reſt there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners: beſide that there was but one bed in the houſe, and neither graſs, nor hay, nor corn to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to *Roes-Fair*, though he was miſerably drunk, till by falling all his length in a purling ſtream, he came tolerably to his ſenſes. Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn; but neither here could we get any hay. When we were in bed,

the

the good oſtler and miner, thought good to mount our beaſts. I believe, it was not long before we roſe, that they put them into the ſtable. But the mule was cut in ſeveral places, and my mare was bleeding like a pig, from a wound behind, two inches deep, made, it ſeemed, by a ſtroke with a pitch-fork. What to do, we could not tell, till I remembered, I had a letter for one Mr. *Nathaniel Williams*, whom upon enquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found *an Iſraelite indeed*, who gladly received both man and beaſt.

After I had got a little reſt, Mr. *W.* deſired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours. None was more ſtruck therewith, than one of his own family, who before cared for none of theſe things. He ſent a ſervant with us after dinner to *Tregarron*, from whence we had a plain road to *Lampiter*.

Friday 27. We rode through a lovely vale, and over pleaſant and fruitful hills to *Carmarthen*. Thence after a ſhort bait, we went on to *Pembroke*, and came before I was expected. So I reſted that night, having not quite recovered my journey from *Shrewſbury* to *Roes-fair*.

Sunday 29. The miniſter of St. *Mary's* ſent me word, He was very willing I ſhould preach in his church: but before ſervice began, the mayor ſent to forbid it. So he preached a very uſeful ſermon himſelf. The mayor's behaviour ſo diſguſted many of the gentry, that they reſolved to hear where they could. And accordingly flocked together in the evening, from all parts of the town. And perhaps the taking up this croſs may profit them more, than my ſermon in the church would have done.

Monday 30. I rode to *Haverfordweſt*. But no notice had been given, nor did any in the town know of my coming. However after a ſhort time I walked up toward the caſtle, and began ſinging an hymn. The people preſently ran together

from all quarters. They have curiosity at least. And some, I cannot doubt, were moved by a nobler principle. Were zealous and active labourers here, what an harvest might there be, even in this corner of the land!

We returned through heavy rain to *Pembroke*. Tuesday 31. We set out for *Glamorganshire*, and rode up and down steep and stoney mountains, for about five hours, to *Larn*. Having procured a pretty ready passage there, we went on to *Llansluthan* ferry: where we were in some danger of being swallowed up in mud, before we could reach the water. Between one and two we reached *Kidwelly*, having been more than seven hours on horseback, in which time we could have rode round by *Carmarthen*, with more ease both to man and beast. I have therefore taken my leave of these ferries: considering we save no time by crossing them, (not even when we have a ready passage) and so have all the trouble, danger, and expence, clear gains. I wonder therefore that any man of common sense, who has once made the experiment, should ever ride from *Pembroke* to *Swansey*, any other way than by *Carmarthen*.

An honest man at *Kidwelly*, told us, there was no difficulty in riding the sands. So we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us, who used to guide persons over them. And it was well he did, or in all probability, we had been swallowed up. The whole sands are at least ten miles over, with many streams of quicksands intermixt. But our guide was throughly acquainted with them, and with the road on the other side. By his help, between five and six, we came well tired to *Oxwych* in *Gower*.

Gower is a large tract of land, bounded by *Brecknockshire* on the north-east, the sea on the south-west, and rivers on the other sides. Here all the people talk *English*, and are in general, the most plain, loving people in *Wales*. It is therefore no wonder,

wonder, that they receive the word, with all readineſs of heart.

Knowing they were ſcattered up and down, I had ſent two perſons on Sunday, that they might be there early on Monday, and ſo ſent notice of my coming all over the country. But they came to *Oxwych* ſcarce a quarter of an hour before me, ſo that the poor people had no notice at all. Nor was there any to take us in; the perſon with whom the preacher uſed to lodge, being three miles out of town. After I had ſtayed awhile in the ſtreet, (for there was no public houſe) a poor woman gave me houſe-room. Having had nothing ſince breakfaſt, I was very willing to eat or drink: but ſhe ſimply told me, "She had nothing in the houſe but a dram of gin." However I afterwards procured a diſh of tea at another houſe, and was much refreſhed. About ſeven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention: ſo that even for the ſake of this handful of people, I did not regret my labour.

Wedneſday, Aug. 1. It was with difficulty I reached *Cowbridge*, about one, where the congregation was waiting. I found they had had heavy rain great part of the day: but very little fell upon us. Nor do I remember, that from the beginning of March till now, we have been in more than one heavy ſhower of rain, either in *England*, *Scotland*, or *Wales*.

I preached in the evening at *Llandaff*, and on Thurſday 2, in the town-hall at *Cardiff*. Saturday 4, we croſſed at the *New-Paſſage*, and rode on to *Briſtol*.

Sunday 5. I preached in *Princes-ſtreet* at eight, at two under the ſycamore-tree at *Kingſwood*, and at five near *King's-ſquare*, in *Briſtol*. How many thouſands in this city, do ſee in this *their day*, *the things that belong to their peace!*

On Monday the 16th our conference began: the great point I now laboured for was, a good underſtanding with all our brethren of the clergy,

who are heartily engaged in propagating vital religion. Saturday 11. I took chaise early in the morning and at night came safe to *London*.

Sunday 12. In the afternoon I preached in *Moorfields* on those comfortable words, *Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Thousands, heard with calm and deep attention. This also hath God wrought!

Monday 13. I was again as fully employed as at the conference, in visiting classes from morning till night. Saturday 18. I preached for the first time in our new chappel at *Snow-fields*, on *O how amiable are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts!*

Sunday 19. Meeting with a pious and sensible man, who was born in the *Isle of Skie*, I said, "Tell me freely: did you yourself ever know a *second sighted* man?" He answered after a little pause, "I have known more than one or two." I said, "But were they not deceivers? How do you know they were really such?" He replied, "I have been in company with them, when they dropped down as dead. Coming to themselves, they looked utterly amazed and said, "I have been in such a place, and I saw such and such persons" (perhaps fifty miles off) die in such a manner." And when enquiry was made, I never could find, that they were mistaken in one circumstance. But the reason why it is so hard for you to get any information concerning this is, those who have the *second-sight*, count it a great misfortune. And it is thought a scandal to their family."

Monday 20. I went to *Canterbury*, and opened our *new chappel*, by preaching on *one thing is needful*. How is it, that many protestants, even in *England*, do not know, that no other *consecration* of church or chappel is *allowed* much less *required* in *England*, than the performance of public worship therein? This is the only consecration of any church in *Great Britain*, which is *necessary*, or even *lawful*. It is true, Archbishop *Laud* composed a *form of consecration*: but it was never *allowed*, much

much leſs *eſtabliſhed* in *England*. Let this be remembered by all who talk ſo idly, of preaching in *unconſecrated* places!

Wedneſday 22. I had deſigned to return to *London*; but being importuned to pay a viſit firſt to *Sandwich*, I went over, and preached about ten, to a dull, but attentive congregation. Immediately after ſervice we ſet out for *Dover*. In the way we were on the point of being daſhed in pieces: the chariot wheels running within two or three inches or leſs of the edge of a bank ten or twelve feet high. I preached in *Dover* at two, and returned time enough for the ſervice at *Canterbury*. Thurſday 23. I preached at *Bethnel-Green*, and in the evening at the *Foundery*.

Monday 27. I ſaw a pattern of patience, *John Matthews*; daily dying of a conſumption, but in conſtant pain, weakneſs, wearineſs and want of ſleep, calmly giving himſelf up to God.

Sunday, Sept. 2. After a toilſome, yet comfortable day, I ſet out in the machine, and on Monday evening came to *Briſtol*, as freſh as I left *London*.

Monday 10. I rode to *Shepton-Mallet*, I preached at noon on *one thing is needful*. Only one man, a common diſturber, behaved amiſs. I was conſtrained to rebuke him ſharply. All the people turned their eyes upon him; and for once he was aſhamed. In the evening I preached at *Bayford*, near *Wincaunton*, and at ſeven in the morning, Wedneſday 12, I returned to *Briſtol*, and at ſix in the evening preached on *Redcliff-hill*. Many were here who I ſuppoſe never heard me before. And attention ſat on every face.

Thurſday 13. I ſpent an hour in Lord ——'s gardens, or more properly woods. They are ſmall to the late Duke of *Kent's* in *Bedfordſhire*, and therefore not capable of ſo much variety: but for the ſize, it is not poſſible for any thing of the kind to be more agreeable. And the ſituation, on the top of a high hill, in one of the fruitfulleſt counties in *England*, gives them an advantage

which even *Stow* gardens have not. Yet happineſs is not in theſe ſhades! And if it were, yet

> How long? How ſoon will they upbraid
> Their tranſitory maſter dead?

Monday 17. About noon I preached at *Bath*, the day before Mr. *Davis* had preached abroad. One fruit of this was, the congregation was larger now than I remember it to have been theſe ſeven years. Thence I rode to *Comb-Grove*, a houſe built in a large grove, on the ſide of a high, ſteep hill. I found Mrs. —— the ſame ſtill, with regard to her livelineſs, but not her wildneſs; in this ſhe was much altered. I preached at five to a ſmall, ſerious congregation. And I believe few were ſent empty away.

Two perſons from *London*, who were at *Bath* for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards we all ſpent an hour in ſinging and ſerious converſation. The fire kindled more and more, till Mrs. —— aſked, "If I would give her leave to pray?" Such a prayer I never heard before, it was perfectly an original: odd and unconnected, made up of disjointed fragments: and yet like a flame of fire. Every ſentence went through my heart, and I believe the heart of every one preſent. For many months I have found nothing like it. It was good for me to be here.

Tueſday 18. I preached again in the court yard at ſeven; and it was now, that one of the ſervants, who was in tears the night before, was throughly convinced that God had blotted out all her ſins. About noon I preached to a large congregation at *Freſhford*, on *Now is the day of ſalvation*. A little before ſix, being determined to be no longer cooped up in the room at *Bradford*, I began in the main ſtreet, near the bridge. In a very ſhort time a multitude of people ran together, and liſtened with all attention, till an impetuous

impetuous ſhower drove part of them away. The reſt would not ſtir till I concluded. I then gave notice of meeting the ſociety: but a crowd of people preſſed in with them. Seeing their earneſtneſs, I was unwilling to hinder: ſo we had quickly another large congregation. And I know not if we have had ſuch a ſeaſon at *Bradford*, for twice ſeven years before.

Wedneſday 19. At five we had ſuch a congregation as does not uſe to meet here at that hour. At nine I preached again at *Comb-Grove*, and found again that God was there.

Is not this an inſtance of ten thouſand, of God's chuſing the fooliſh things of the world to confound the wiſe? Here is one that has not only a weak natural underſtanding, but an impetuoſity of temper, bordering upon madneſs. And hence both her ſentiments are confuſed, and her expreſſions odd and indigeſted. And yet notwithſtanding this, more of the real power of God attends theſe uncouth expreſſions, than the ſenſible diſcourſes of even good men, who have twenty times her underſtanding.

Thus I have many times known God attach his power to the words of extremely weak men. The humble overlooked, the weakneſs of the men, and rejoiced in the power of God. But all his power is unacknowledged, unfelt by thoſe, who ſtumble at the weakneſs of the inſtrument.

I reached *Briſtol* time enough to preach in the evening upon *Redcliſt-hill*. A malignant fever had lately broke out upon the very ſpot, which much increaſed the number and ſerioufneſs of the congregation.

Saturday 22. I was much refreſhed by hearing the experience of *Mary G*——, once a determined enemy to the doctrine of perfection, oppoſing it with great eagerneſs and many reaſons; but now a happy witneſs of it. During her hotteſt oppoſition, ſhe never could reſt in any know ſin. And this at length made both pride and anger ſo exceeding

exceeding bitter to her, that she could have no peace till she was fully delivered from them.

Sunday 23. I do not know whether we have had so large a congregation these twenty years as this evening, at the *New Square*. Surely the wise world will not impute this to novelty; unless because the grace of God is ever new.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I visited the societies in *Somersetshire*. On the following days I met the classes in *Bristol*, and narrowly enquired into the character and behaviour of each person: the rather because it had been strongly affirmed, that there were many disorderly walkers in the society. I found a woman and one man, who, I am afraid, deserved that character. Let any one that is more clear sighted than me, find two more and I will thank him.

Sunday 30. The whole society met in the evening, and jointly renewed their covenant with God, in the form recommended by Mr. *Richard Allen*. And many felt that God was there. It was *a day of his power* not to be forgotten, a day both of godly sorrow and strong consolation.

Monday, October 1. I left *Bristol* with joy, having seen the fruit of my labour. At noon I preached at *Comb-Grove*, to a small congregation of earnest, simple people. I had designed to preach in the evening at *Bradford*, in the same place I did before; but Mr. *R.* at whose door I then stood, had now altered his mind. So I was constrained to preach in our own room to (comparatively) a handful of people.

Tuesday 2. I breakfasted at the *Devizes*, with Mr. *B*——, a black Swan, an honest Lawyer! Hence we rode through a most intricate road to *Pewsey*. I found a neighbouring gentleman had been there, moving every stone, to prevent my preaching. I was informed, his first design was, to raise a mob. Then he would have had the Church-wardens interpose. Whether they intended it or no, I cannot tell; but they neither did nor

nor ſaid any thing. The congregation filled a great part of the church, and were all deeply attentive. Surely good will be done in this place, if it be not prevented by a mixture of various doctrines. Wedneſday 3. I rode to *Saliſbury*, and going ſlowly forward, on Saturday 6, I came to *London*.

Sunday 7. I preached in the morning at *Snow-fields*, and afterwards at *Weſt-Street*. We had a glorious opportunity at the Lord's Supper. The rocks were broken in pieces. At five I preached in *Moorfields* to an huge multitude, on *Ye are ſaved through faith*. A little before twelve I took the machine for *Norwich*. Monday 8. We dined at *Bury*, where a gentlewoman came into the coach, with whom I ſpent moſt of the afternoon in cloſe converſation and ſinging praiſes to God.

Tueſday 9. I was deſired to meet Mr. *B.* and we had a good deal of converſation together. He ſeems to be a perſon of middling ſenſe, but a moſt unpleaſing addreſs. I would hope, he has ſome little experience of religion: but it does not appear to advantage, as he is extremely hot, impetuous, overbearing, and impatient of contradiction. He hooked me unawares into a little diſpute; but I cut it ſhort as ſoon as poſſible, knowing neither was likely to convince the other. So we met and parted in peace.

Wedneſday 10. I went to *Yarmouth*, where the earneſt congregation, was gathered at a ſhort warning. Thurſday 11. I was deſired to go to *Leoſtoffe* in *Suffolk*, nine miles ſouth-eaſt of *Yarmouth*. The uſe of a large place had been offered, which would contain abundance of people. But when I was come, Mr. *Roman* had changed his mind. So I preached in the open air. A wilder congregation I have not ſeen; but the bridle was in their teeth. All attended, and a conſiderable part ſeemed to underſtand ſomething of what was ſpoken. Nor did any behave uncivilly when I had

had done: and I believe a few did not lose their labour.

It was easy in the evening to observe the different spirit of the congregation at *Yarmouth*. Almost all seemed to feel the power of God, and many were *filled with consolation*.

Friday 11. I returned to *Norwich*, and enquired into the state of the Society. I have seen no people in all *England* or *Ireland* so changeable as this. This Society in 1755 consisted of eighty-three members: two years after of a hundred and thirty-four: in 1758 it was shrunk to a hundred and ten. In March 1759 we took the Tabernacle; and within a month the Society was increased to above seven hundred and sixty. But nearly five hundred of these had formerly been with *James Wheatly*, and having been scattered abroad, now ran together, they hardly knew why. Few of them were throughly awakened, most, deeply ignorant, all *bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke*, having never had any rule or order among them, but every man doing what was right in his own eyes. It was not therefore strange, that the next year, only five hundred and seven of these were left. In 1761 they were farther reduced, namely to four hundred and twelve. I cannot tell how it was, that in 1762 they were increased again to six hundred and thirty. But the moon soon changed, so that in 1763 they were shrunk to three hundred and ten. This large reduction was owing to the withdrawing the sacrament, to which they had been accustomed from the time the tabernacle was built. They are now sunk to a hundred and seventy four. And now probably the tide will turn again.

Sunday 14. At seven I clearly and strongly described the height and depth of Christian holiness. And (what is strange) I could not afterward find, that any one person was offended. At ten we had a congregation indeed: I trust all of one heart. I went, as usual, to the Cathedral in

in the afternoon, and heard a ſound practical ſermon. About five our great congregation met, and (what has ſeldom been known) very quietly. We were equally quiet at the meeting of the Society, which met now for the firſt time on a Sunday evening. So has God ſtilled the madneſs of the people. Are not the hearts of all men in his hand?

Monday 15. At the requeſt of many, I had given notice of a watch-night. We had but an indifferent prelude: between ſix and ſeven, the mob gathered in great numbers, made an huge noiſe, and began to throw large ſtones againſt the outward doors. But they had put themſelves out of breath before eight, ſo that when the ſervice begun, they were all gone.

Tueſday 16. In the evening the whole congregation ſeemed not a little moved, while I was inforcing thoſe ſolemn words, *He died for all, that they who live might not henceforth live unto themſelves, but unto him that died for them and roſe again.* The ſame was obſervable, and that in an higher and higher degree, the two following evenings. If I could ſtay here a month, I think there would be a Society little inferior to that at *Briſtol*. But it muſt not be: they who will bear ſound doctrine only from me, muſt ſtill believe a lie.

Saturday 20. My horſes meeting me at *Burntwood*, I rode on to *Laton-Stone*, and preached to a ſerious congregation, on I *will: be thou clean.* The following week I made a little tour through part of *Kent* and *Suſſex*, where ſome of our brethren ſwiftly increaſe in goods. Do they increaſe in grace too? If not, let them take care that their money do not periſh with them.

Sunday, Nov. 4. I propoſed to the leaders, the aſſiſting the ſociety for the reformation of manners, with regard to their heavy debt. One of them aſked, "Ought we not to pay our own debt firſt?" After ſome conſultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the ſociety in *London*, occaſioned

occaſioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery, and chapels, and by building at *Wapping* and *Snow-fields*, was about nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the ſociety in the evening, and deſired them all to ſet their ſhoulders to the work, either by a preſent contribution, or by ſubſcribing what they could pay, on the firſt of January, February or March.

Monday 5. My ſcraps of time this week I employed in ſetting down my preſent *Thoughts upon a ſingle Life*, which indeed are juſt the ſame they have been theſe thirty years. And the ſame they muſt be, unleſs I give up my bible.

Thurſday 8. At ten and (and ſo every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the "Survey of the wiſdom of God in the creation." Many pupils I had at the univerſity; and I took ſome pains with them. But to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, bleſſed be God, I have had ſome pupils ſince, who will reward me for my labour. Now *I live*; for *ye ſtand faſt in the Lord*.

Monday 12. I retired to *Hoxton*, to anſwer what was perſonal in the letters aſcribed to Mr. *Hervey*. How amazing is the power of prejudice; Were it not for this, every one who knew him and me, would have cried out with indignation, "Whatever Mr. *W.* was, none can commend or excuſe Mr. *H.* Such bitterneſs he ought not to have ſhewn, to his moſt cruel enemy. How much leſs to the guide of his youth? To one he owns to have been his "Father and his friend?"

Monday 19. And the other afternoons of this week, I took up my croſs, and went in perſon, to the principal perſons in our Society, in every part of the town. By this means within ſix days near ſix hundred pounds were ſubſcribed toward the public debt. And what was done, was done with

with the utmoſt chearfulneſs. I remember but one exception. Only one gentleman ſqueezed out ten ſhillings, as ſo many drops of blood.

Saturday, December 1. *M. B.* gave me a farther account of their affairs at *Laton-Stone*. It is exactly *Pietas Hallenſis* in minature. What will be, does not yet appear.

Tueſday 4. I made a little excurſion to *Colcheſter*. Saturday 8. I ſaw one who many years ago was a miniſter of God to us for good, in repreſſing the madneſs of the people, Sir *John Gonſon*, who was near fifty years a magiſtrate, and has lived more than ninety. He is majeſtic in decay: having few wrinkles, and not ſtooping at all, though juſt dropping into the grave, having no ſtrength, and little memory or underſtanding. Well might that good man, Biſhop *Stratford* pray, "Lord, let me not live to be uſeleſs!" And he had his deſire: He was ſtruck with a palſy in the evening, praiſed God all night, and died in the morning.

Monday 10. And the three following days, I viſited *Canterbury*, *Dover*, and *Sandwich*, and returned to *London*, on Friday 14. In the machine I read Mr. *Baxter's* book upon apparitions. It contains ſeveral well-atteſted accounts. But there are ſome which I cannot ſubſcribe to. How hard is it, to keep the middle way! Not to believe too little, or too much!

Sunday 16. I buried Mrs. *Prior*, houſekeeper to Mr. *P.* who told me, "On —— night, juſt at one I rung, and ſaid to my man coming in, "Mrs. *Prior* is dead. She juſt now come into my room, and walked round my bed. About two, the nurſe came, and told me, ſhe was dead. I aſked, at what time ſhe died? And was anſwered, juſt at one o'clock."

Thurſday 27. I preached and adminiſtered the ſacrament at the new chappel in *Snowfields*. How well does God order all things! By loſing the

former chappel we have gained both a better houſe and a larger congregation.

Friday 28. Between two and three in the morning, I was ſent for to *John Matthews*. For ſome months he had frequently ſaid, "I have no more doubt of being in heaven, than if I was there already." A little before we came, one aſked, "How do you do now." He anſwered,

"The Lord protects, for ever near."

When I came in, he was perfectly ſenſible, but too weak to ſpeak. Juſt at three I began to pray. I had ſcarce prayed two minutes, when without any ſtruggle or ſigh, or groan, he fell aſleep.

A man of ſo faultleſs a behaviour, I have hardly ever been acquainted with. During twenty years, I do not remember his doing or ſaying any thing, which I would wiſh to have unſaid or undone.

Monday 31. I thought it would be worth while, to make an odd experiment. Remembering how ſurpriſingly fond of muſic, the lion at *Edinburgh* was, I determined to try, whether this was the caſe with all animals of the ſame kind. I accordingly went to the tower with one who plays on the *German* flute. He began playing, near four or five lions. Only one of theſe (the reſt not ſeeming to regard it at all) roſe up, came to the front of his den, and ſeemed to be all attention. Mean time a tyger in the ſame den ſtarted up, leaped over the lions back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and ſo to and fro inceſſantly. Can we account for this by any principle of mechaniſm? Can we account for it at all?

Tueſday, January 1, 1765. This week I wrote an anſwer to a warm letter, publiſhed in the *London Magazine*, the author whereof is much diſpleaſed, that I preſume to doubt of the modern aſtronomy.

aſtronomy. I cannot help it. Nay, the more I conſider, the more my doubts increaſe. So that at preſent I doubt, whether any man on earth knows either the diſtance or magnitude, I will not ſay, of a fixt ſtar, of *Saturn*, or *Jupiter*: yea, of the ſun or moon.

Sunday 6. The whole Society met in the evening. The ſervice laſted from five till near nine. And I do not remember ſo ſolemn a ſeaſon, ſince the firſt time we joined in renewing our covenant with God.

Wedneſday 7. In the evening I preached at *High-Wycomb*: and Tueſday 8, at *Witney*. The congregation here, though of ſo late ſtanding, may be a pattern to all *England*. When the ſervice was ended, no one ſpoke, either in the evenings or mornings. All went ſilently out of the houſe and yard. Nay, when I followed a large part of them, I did not hear any open their lips, till they came to their own houſes. Thurſday 10. I preached again at *Wycomb*, and on Friday returned to *London*.

Saturday 12. I rode to Mr. *D*—'s, at *Ovington* in *Eſſex*, about ſix and fifty miles from the Foundery. Sunday 13. Notwithſtanding the rain, the church was pretty well filled. And all gave earneſt heed, while I opened and applied thoſe words in the ſecond leſſon, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you reſt.*

Tilbury church is conſiderably larger than this: accordingly the congregation was much larger than that in the morning. But I did not ſee one careleſs or inattentive perſon. All ſeemed reſolved, to *ſeek the Lord while he may be found*. At ſeven in the evening I preached again, to a ſmall company in Mr. *D's* houſe, on fellowſhip with the Father and the Son. Tueſday 15, I returned to *London*.

Sunday 20. I looked over Mr. ———'s ſtrange book on *the life of faith*. I thought nothing could

ever exceed Mr. *I—'s*: but really this does: although they differ not an hair's breadth from each other: any more than Mr. *Sandiman*.

I employed all my leiſure hours this week in reviſing my letters and papers. Abundance of them I committed to the flames. Perhaps ſome of the reſt may ſee the light when I am gone.

Friday 31. I was conſidering, how it was, that ſo many who were once filled with love are now weak and faint. And the caſe is plain: the invariable rule of God's proceedings is, *From him that hath not, ſhall be taken away even that which he hath.* Hence it is impoſſible that any ſhould retain what they receive, without improving it. Add to this that the more we have received, the more of care and labour is required, the more watchfulneſs and prayer, the more circumſpection and earneſtneſs in all manner of converſation. Is it any wonder then, that they who forget this, ſhould ſoon looſe what they received? Nay, who were taught to forget it? Not to watch! Not to pray—under pretence of praying always.

Wedneſday 13. I heard *Ruth*, an oratorio, performed at Mr. *Madan's* chappel. The ſenſe was admirable throughout; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This joined with exquiſite muſic might probably make an impreſſion, even upon rich and honourable ſinners.

Monday 18. I ſet out for *Norwich*, and ſpent a few days there with more comfort than I had ever done before. The congregations were not only more numerous than ever, but abundantly more ſerious. And the Society appeared to be more ſettled, and more loving to each other. Monday 25. In my way to *Yarmouth* I read Dr. *Watts*, on "the improvement of the underſtanding." He has many juſt and uſeful obſervations, mixt with ſome that are not juſt, and with more that are of little uſe, beſides that they are trite and obvious. I preached at ſeven in a preaching-houſe built for the General Baptiſts;

one

one of the moſt elegant buildings I have ſeen; which was well filled both this and the following evening with ſerious and attentive hearers. There now ſeems to be a general call for this town: ſurely ſome will hear the voice that raiſes the dead. We returned to *Norwich* on Wedneſday, and left it on Thurſday morning, in a wonderful day of froſt and ſnow, and ſleet and wind. However we reached *Lakenheath* in the afternoon. Conſidering the weather, there was a large congregation. Mr. *I.* read prayers and I preached, with great liberty of ſpirit, on *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and loſe his own ſoul?*

Friday, March 1. I read prayers and preached at ſeven in the morning. It was noon before we could procure a poſt-chaiſe. We then puſhed on, though the ſnow lay deep on the ground, to the great inn at *Hockerill*, the deareſt houſe I ever was at. So fare it well. In the morning we went on to *London*.

Sunday 10. I made a collection in our congregation for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own Society met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own diſtreſſed members.

Monday 11. I took horſe with Mr. *Pennington* for *Briſtol*. In two or three hours my mare fell lame, without any diſcernible cauſe; and in an hour or two after, the beaſt he rode was taken ill, and grew worſe and worſe, till ſhe dropt down and died. So I was glad to go into a machine which was driving by; and the next evening I reached *Briſtol*.

Monday 18. I rode to *Stroud*, and in the evening preached in the new houſe. But a conſiderable part of the congregation were obliged to ſtand without. Toward the cloſe of the ſermon, a young man dropt down and vehemently cried to God. This occaſioned a little hurry at

firſt: but it was ſoon over, and all was quiet as before.

After ſupper I was ſpeaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, "I am damned," and fell to the ground. A ſecond did ſo quickly after, and was much convulſed, and yet quite ſenſible. We joined in prayer, but had not time (it growing late) to wreſtle with God for their full deliverance.

Tueſday 19. We rode to *Worceſter*, and had the pleaſure of ſpending an hour with Mr. *R*—, a ſenſible, candid man. But who is proof againſt prejudice? Eſpecially when thoſe who labour to infuſe it, converſe with him daily, and thoſe who ſtrive to remove it, not two hours in a year.

We came to *Birmingham* in the evening, and had a comfortable ſeaſon with the great congregation. Wedneſday 20. *M. L.* took me in a poſt-chaiſe to *Derby*, where the new-houſe was throughly filled: and the people behaved in a quite different manner, from what they did when I was here laſt. Thurſday 21. We went on though with much difficulty, being often ready to ſtick faſt, to *Sheffield*. The houſe here is full twice as large as it was. And ſo is the congregation. The little differences which had been for ſome time among the people, were now eaſily adjuſted. And I left them all, united in love, and reſolved to ſtrengthen each other's hands.

Saturday 23. We took horſe in a furious wind, which was ready to bear us away. About ten I preached in *Bradwill*, in the *High-Peak*, where notwithſtanding the ſtorm, abundance of people were got together. I had now an opportunity of enquiring, concerning Mr. *B—y*. He did run well: till one offence after another ſwallowed him up. He ſcarce enjoyed himſelf after. Firſt his oldeſt daughter was ſnatched away. Then his only ſon: then himſelf. And only two or three of that large family now remain.

Sunday

Sunday 24. At ſeven I preached at *Mancheſter*, on *I beſeech you, ſuffer the word of exhortation*, and obſerved, that the exhortation which it is particularly difficult to ſuffer, is that to accept of ſalvation now, and now to improve that whole grace of God. The evening congregation was far larger than the houſe would contain, and all ſeemed to have the hearing ear.

Tueſday 26. It rained all the way to *Little Leigh*: but from thence we had a pleaſant ride to *Cheſter*.

As ſeveral ſhips were ready to ſail from *Parkgate*, I waited here two days. But the wind continuing foul, on Friday 19. I croſſed over to *Liverpool*. I was ſurprized at the evening congregations, particularly on Sunday. The houſe, even with the addition of three new galleries, would not near contain the congregation: and I never before obſerved the word to take ſuch effect upon them. So that I was not ſorry, the wind continued in the ſame point, on Monday, Tueſday, and Wedneſday. Only it ſhifted a little on Wedneſday morning: on which ſome impatient captains ſailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full weſt again: ſo that they were glad to get well back.

Thurſday, April 4. I rode to *Bolton*, and not being expected, was the more welcome. The houſe was filled in the evening, and the hearts of many filled with joy and peace in believing. April 5, being Good-Friday, Mr. *Johnſon* preached at five: I preached at twelve and at ſix. What a bleſſed calm has God at length given to this poor, ſhattered Society. For many years the men of bitter and contentious ſpirits, were harraſſing them continually. But they are now ſunk into quiet, formal Preſbyterians: and thoſe they have left to enjoy God and one another.

Saturday 6. I returned to *Liverpool*: and on Wedneſday 10, the wind continuing weſt, I ſet out northward, and in the evening, found a friend's

friend's houſe, *James Edmonſon's*, near *Garſtang*. Thurſday 11. We rode on to *F——s G——t's*, at *Kendal*, where there is now a real work of God. The genuine goſpel now takes root, and ſinners are converted to God.

Saturday 13. We rode through much wind and rain to *Barnard-Caſtle*. In the evening I preached in the new preaching-houſe, (not opened before) and at eight in the morning. I would have preached abroad on Sunday evening: but the weather drove us into the houſe. And God was there, both to invite ſinners, and to comfort believers.

Afterwards I ſpent an hour with thoſe, who once believed they were ſaved from ſin. I found here, as at *London*, about a third part who held faſt their confidence. The reſt had ſuffered loſs, more or leſs, and two or three were ſhorn of all their ſtrength.

Monday 15. I rode on to *Newcaſtle*, where I was quite unexpected. I found, both the hearers, the Society, and the believers, are increaſed ſince I was here laſt. And ſeveral more, believe they are ſaved from ſin. Meantime Satan has not been idle. Two were following *George Bell* ſtep by ſtep, as to the "not needing ſelf-examination," the "not being taught by man," and moſt of his other unſcriptural extravagancies: but as they appeared to be ſtill of an adviſeable ſpirit, for the preſent at leaſt, the ſnare was broken.

Thurſday 18. I went to *Durham* with Miſs *Lewen*, and ſpent an hour with her father. He behaved with the utmoſt civility: ſaid, I had done his daughter more good, than all the phyſicians could do: and he ſhould be exceeding glad, if ſhe would go to *London* again at the approach of winter. At three I preached to the poor colliers in *Gateſhead Fell*. How do theſe ſhame the colliers of *Kingswood*? Flocking from all parts on the week-days as well as Sundays; ſuch a thirſt have they after the good word!

Friday

Friday 19. I had a little time with that venerable monument of the grace of God, *Henry Jackſon*. He is juſt dropping into the grave, being now quite bed-rid, but praiſing God with every breath.

Monday 22. Two of our friends took me in a poſt-chaiſe to *Alnwick*. But the road was ſo intolerably bad, that we did not reach it tiſl paſt twelve. I began preaching immediately, and then haſtened away. On *Berwick* moor we were ready to ſtick faſt again. And it was paſt ſeven before I reached the town, where I found notice had been given of my preaching. Hearing the congregation waited for me, I went to the town-hall, and began without delay. About one in the morning we had a violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning. The houſe being full of dragoons, *M. L.* and *M. D.* were conſtrained to lodge in the ſame room with our landlady, who being waked by the ſtorm, and throughly terrified, began praying aloud. *M. D.* laid hold on the opportunity, to ſpeak very cloſely to her. The words ſeemed to ſink into her heart. Who knows, but they may bring forth fruit?

Tueſday 23. I preached at *Dunbar* about noon, and in the evening at *Edinburgh*. My coming was quite ſeaſonable, (though unexpected) as thoſe bad letters, publiſhed in the name of Mr. *Hervey*, and reprinted here by Mr. *John Erſkine*, had made a great deal of noiſe. Wedneſday 24. I preached at four in the afternoon on the ground where we have laid the foundation of our houſe. Friday 26. About noon I preached at *Muſſelborough*, where are a few living ſouls ſtill. In the evening we had another bleſſed opportunity at *Edinburgh*, and I took a ſolemn leave of the people. Yet how I ſhould be able to ride I knew not. At *Newcaſtle* I had obſerved a ſmall ſwelling, leſs than a pea; but in ſix days it was as large as a pullet's egg, and exceeding hard. On Thurſday it broke. I feared riding would not agree with this,

this, especially an hard trotting horse. However trusting God I set out early on Saturday morning; before I reached *Glasgow*, it was much decreased; and in two or three days more it was quite gone. If it was a boil, it was such a one as I never heard of. For it was never sore first or last, nor ever gave me any pain.

This evening I preached in the hall of the hospital: the next day, morning and afternoon, in the yard. So much of the form of religion is here still, as is scarce to be found in any town in *England*. There was once the power too. And shall it not be again? Surely the time is at hand.

Monday 29. I rode with *James Kershaw* through a fruitful country, to *Killmarnock*, and thence to *Air*. After a short bait at *Maybole* in the afternoon, we went on to *Girvane*, a little town on the sea-shore. Tuesday 30. We rode over high and steep mountains, between *Ballintrae* and *Strangraver*: where we met with as good entertainment of every kind, as if we had been in the heart of *England*.

We reached *Port-Patrick* about three o'clock, and were immediately surrounded with men offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth. I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God should please.

Wednesday, May 1. The wind was quite fair: so as soon as the tide served, I went on board. It seemed strange to cross the sea in an open boat: especially when the waves ran high. I was a little sick, till I fell asleep. In five hours and an half we reached *Donhaghadee*. But my mare could not land, till five hours after: so that I did not reach *Newtown* till past eight.

I spent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands, of a poor, scattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the green; though it was exceeding cold, none of the congregation seemed to regard it. And a few of them

do

do *remember from whence* they *are fallen, and* reſolve to *do the firſt works.*

Friday 8. I rode on to *Liſburn*, and in the evening preached in the Market-houſe. The wind was as keen as in December: yet a large congregation attended. I then met what was left of the ſociety: and the ſpirit of many that were faint revived. Saturday 4. I preached in the room at five, which had been diſcontinued for three years. And this alone would account for the ſcattering of the people, and the deadneſs of them that remained. In the evening I preached in the *Linen-hall*, ſo called, a large ſquare, with piazza's on three ſides of it. And ſo deep an attention I never ſaw in the people of *Liſburn* before.

Sunday 5. For the ſake of the country people, I delayed the morning preaching till half an hour paſt nine. At eleven the church ſervice began, and we had an uſeful ſermon on *Follow peace with all men and holineſs.* At five I preached in the *Linen-hall* again, to a numerous congregation, on *Yea, doubtleſs and I count all things but loſs for the excellency of the knowledge of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord.*

Monday 6. I rode to *Newry*, and in the evening preached in the Market-houſe, on *Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths peace.* The whole congregation ſeemed affected, this as well as the next evening; indeed more than I had ſeen them for ſome years. Hence, Wedneſday 8. I rode to *Terryhugan*, and found much of the power of God among that plain, ſimple-hearted people. Here Mr. *Ryan* overtook me, and led me to *Clanmain*, where we had, as uſual, a lively, earneſt congregation: moſt of whom, (except thoſe that came from far) were preſent again at five in the morning. About eleven I preached at *the Grange*, a ſmall village, about five miles from *Clanmain*. Friday 10. I took Mr. *Ryan* with me, and ſet out for *Londonderry*. When we had rode about twelve miles, a road turned

ſhort

ſhort to the left: but having no direction to turn, we went ſtrait forward, till a woman running after us, (taking one of us, I know not why, for a Doctor) told us the caſe of her poor huſband, who, ſhe ſaid, had kept his bed for ſeven weeks. After riding half an hour, we found we were out of our way and rode back again. By this means we went by the houſe where the man lay. When I alighted and went in, I quickly ſaw, that he needed ſomething more than I had preſcribed before. Who knows but our loſing the way may be the means of ſaving the poor man's life?

In the afternoon, after riding through a fruitful country, (one mountain only excepted) we came to *Omagh*, the ſhire town of the county of *Tyrone*. We found a good inn; but were not glad, when we heard there was to be dancing that night, in the room under us. But in awhile, the dancers removed to the ſhire-hall. So we ſlept in peace.

Saturday 11. Having no direction to any one in *Derry*, I was muſing what to do, and wiſhing ſome one would meet me and challenge me, though I knew not how it could be, as I never had been there before, nor knew any one in the town. When we drew near it, a gentleman on horſeback ſtopped, aſked me my name, and ſhewed me where the preacher lodged. In the afternoon he accommodated me with a convenient lodging at his own houſe. So one Mr. *Knox* is taken away, and another given me in his ſtead.

At ſeven I preached in the *Linen-hall*, (a ſquare ſo called) to the largeſt congregation I have ſeen in the North of *Ireland*. The waters ſpread as *wide* here as they did at *Athlone*. God grant they may be as *deep!*

Sunday 12. At eight I preached there again, to an equal number of people. About eleven Mr. *Knox* went with me to church, and led me to a pew, where I was placed next the Mayor.

What

What is this? What have I to do with honour? Lord, let me always *fear* and not *desire* it.

The afternoon-service was not over, till about half hour past six. At seven I preached to near all the inhabitants of the city. I think, there was scarce one who did not feel that God was there. So general an impression upon a congregation, I have hardly seen in any place.

Monday 13. and the following days I had leisure to go on with the Notes on the Old Testament. But I wondered more at the situation I was in, in the midst of rich and honourable men! While this lasts it is well. And it will be well too, when any or all of them change their countenance:

"And wonder at the strange man's face,
As one they ne'er had known."

Tuesday 14. I wrote the following letter to a friend:

Londonderry, May 14, 1765.

Dear Sir,

"Your manner of writing needs no excuse. I hope you will always write in the same manner. Love is the *plainest* thing in the world: I know this dictates what you write: and then what need of ceremony?

"You have admirably well expressed what I mean by an opinion, contradistinguished from an essential doctrine. Whatever is "compatible with love to Christ and a work of grace," I term an *opinion*. And certainly the holding particular election and final perseverance is compatible with these. "Yet what fundamental errors" (you ask) have you opposed with *half that fervency* as you have these opinions." I have printed near fifty sermons, and only one of these opposes them at all. I preach about eight hundred sermons in a year, and taking one year

with another for twenty years paſt, I have not preached eight ſermons in a year on the ſubject. But "how many of your beſt preachers have been *thruſt out* becauſe they diſſented from you in theſe particulars?" Not one, beſt or worſt; good or bad; was ever *thruſt out* on this account. There has not been a ſingle inſtance of this kind. Two or three, (but far from *the beſt* of our preachers) voluntarily left us, after they had embraced thoſe opinions. But it was of their own mere motion. And two I ſhould have expelled for immoral behaviour: but they withdrew, and *pretended* "they did not hold our doctrine." Set a mark therefore on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

"Is a man a believer in Chriſt Jeſus, and is his life ſuitable to his profeſſion?" Are not only the *main*, but the *ſole* enquiries in order to his admiſſion into our ſociety. If he is a diſſenter, he may be a diſſenter ſtill: but if he is a churchman, I adviſe him to continue ſo: and that for many reaſons, ſome of which are mentioned in the tract upon that ſubject.

"I think on juſtification juſt as I have done any time theſe ſeven and twenty years; and juſt as Mr. *Calvin* does. In this reſpect, I do not differ from him an hair's breadth.

"But the main point between you and me is perfection. "This, you ſay, has no prevalence in thoſe parts. Otherwiſe I ſhould think it my duty to oppoſe it with my whole ſtrength; not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous miſtake, which appears to be ſubverſive of the very foundation of Chriſtian experience, and which has in fact given occaſion to the moſt grievous offences."

"Juſt ſo my brother and I reaſoned thirty years ago, "as thinking it our duty to oppoſe *predeſtination* with our whole ſtrength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous miſtake, which appears to be

ſubverſive

ſubverſive of the very foundation of Chriſtian experience, and which has in fact given occaſion to the moſt grievous offences."

That it has given occaſion to ſuch offences I know; I can name time, place and perſons. But ſtill another fact ſtares me in the face. Mr. H— and Mr. N— hold this, and yet I believe theſe have real Chriſtian experience. But if ſo, this is only an opinion: it is not ſubverſive, (here is clear proof to the contrary) of the foundation of Chriſtian experience. It is "compatible with love to Chriſt, and a genuine work of grace." Yea many hold it, at whoſe feet I deſire to be found in the day of the Lord Jeſus. If then I "oppoſe this with my whole ſtrength," I am a mere bigot ſtill. I leave you in your calm and retired moments to make the application.

"But how came this opinion into my mind?" I will tell you with all ſimplicity. In 1725, I met with *Biſhop Taylor's Rule of holy living and dying*. I was ſtruck particularly with the chapter upon *intention*, and felt a fixt intention *to give myſelf up to God*. In this I was much confirmed ſoon after by the *Chriſtian Pattern*, and longed to *give God all my heart*. This is juſt what I mean by *perfection* now. I ſought after it from that hour.

In 1727, I read Mr. *Law's* Chriſtian Perfection, and Serious Call, and more explicitly reſolved to be all devoted to God, in body, ſoul, and ſpirit: in 1730, I began to be *homo unius libri*; to ſtudy (comparatively) no book but the Bible. I then ſaw in a ſtronger light than ever before, that only *one thing is needful*, even *faith that worketh by the love* of God and man, all inward and outward holineſs, and I groaned to love God with all my heart, and to ſerve him with all my ſtrength.

"January 1, 1733, I preached the ſermon on the circumciſion of the heart;" which contains all that I now teach concerning ſalvation from all ſin, and loving God with an undivided heart.

tured to print any thing) for the uſe of my pupils "a collection of forms of prayer." And in this I ſpoke explicitly of *giving the whole heart, and the whole life to God.* This was then, as it is now, my idea of perfection, though I ſhould have ſtarted at the word.

In 1735, I preached my farewel ſermon at *Epworth* in *Lincolnſhire.* In this likewiſe I ſpoke with the utmoſt clearneſs of having one deſign, one deſire, one love, and of purſuing the one end of our life, in all our words and actions.

In January, 1738, I expreſt my deſire in theſe words:

O grant that nothing in my ſoul
May dwell but thy *pure love alone!*
O may thy love *poſſeſs me whole,*
My joy, my treaſure, and my crown.
Strange flames far from my heart remove!
My every act, word, thought be love.

And I am ſtill perſuaded, this is what the Lord Jeſus hath bought for me with his own blood.

Now whether you deſire and expect this bleſſing or not, is it not an aſtoniſhing thing, that you, or any man living ſhould be diſguſted at me for expecting it? And that they ſhould perſuade one another that this hope is "ſubverſive of the very foundations of Chriſtian experience." Why then, whoever retains it cannot poſſibly have any Chriſtian experience at all! Then my brother, Mr. *Fletcher*, and I, and twenty thouſand more, who ſeem both to fear and to love God, are in reality children of the devil, and in the road to eternal damnation!

In God's name I entreat you, make me ſenſible of this. Shew me by plain, ſtrong reaſons, what diſhonour this hope does to Chriſt, wherein it oppoſes juſtification by faith, or any fundamental truth of religion. But do not wreſt, and wire-draw, and colour my words, as Mr. *Hervey*, (or *Cudworth*)

In the ſame year I printed (the firſt time I ven-*Cudworth*) has done in ſuch a manner, that when I look in that glaſs, I do not know my own face! "Shall I call you (ſays Mr. *Hervey*) my father or my friend? For you have been both to me." So I was, and you have requited me! It is well my reward is with the Moſt High.

Wiſhing all happineſs to you and yours,
I am, dear Sir, your affectionate brother
and ſervant,

JOHN WESLEY.

On Wedneſday and Thurſday I ſpoke ſeverally to the members of the Society. I found (juſt as I expected) that the work of God here is exceeding ſhallow. Yet while ſo many flock to hear, one cannot doubt, but God will cut ſome of them to the heart.

Sunday 10. Mr. *S*——, one of the curates, preached an excellent ſermon on *receiving the Holy Ghoſt*. I afterwards accepted his invitation to dinner, and found a well-natured, ſenſible man, and one well-acquainted with every branch of learning, which we had occaſion to touch upon. At ſeven I preached on *God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt*. And truly the people of this place, will *hear ſound doctrine*. Wedneſday 22. I exhorted the little Society, to avoid ſloth, prodigality and ſluttiſhneſs, and on the contrary, to be patterns of diligence, frugality and cleanlineſs.

Thurſday 23. Lighting on a volume of Mr. *Seed's* ſermons, I was utterly ſurprized. Where did this man lie hid, that I never heard of him, all the time I was at *Oxford?* His language is pure in the higheſt degree; his apprehenſion clear, his judgment ſtrong. And for true manly wit, and exquiſite turns of thought, I know not if this century has produced his equal.

Saturday 25. Both in the morning and evening, I ſpoke as cloſely and ſharply as I could. But yet I cannot find the way to wound the

people. They are neither offended, nor convinced.

Ever ſince I came hither, I have been amazed at the honeſty which runs through this city. None ſcruples to leave his houſe open all day, and the door only on the latch at night. Such a thing as theft is ſcarce heard of at *Derry:* no one has the leaſt ſuſpicion of it. No wonder therefore that the inhabitants, never ſuſpect themſelves to be ſinners. O what pity that honeſty ſhould be a bar to ſalvation! Yet ſo it is, if a man puts it in the place of Chriſt.

Having a remarkable anecdote put into my hands, which ſome will probably be pleaſed to ſee, I may inſert it here, as well as elſewhere. It is a converſation between my father's father, (taken down in ſhort-hand by himſelf) and the then Biſhop of *Briſtol.* I may be excuſed, if it appears more remarkable to me, than it will to an unconcerned perſon.

Biſhop. What is your name?

Weſley. John Weſley.

B. There are many great matters charged upon you.

W. May it pleaſe your lordſhip, Mr. *Horlock* was at my houſe on Tueſday laſt, and acquainted me that it was at your lordſhip's deſire I ſhould come to you: And on that account I am here to wait on you.

B. By whom were you ordained? Or are you ordained?

W. I am ſent to preach the goſpel.

B. By whom were you ſent?

W. By a church of Jeſus Chriſt.

B. What church is that?

W. The church of Chriſt at *Melcomb.*

B. That factious and heretical church!

W. May it pleaſe you, Sir, I know no faction or hereſy that church is guilty of.

B. No!

B. No! Did not you preach ſuch things as tend to faction and hereſy?

W. I am not conſcious to myſelf of any ſuch preaching.

B. I am informed by ſufficient men, gentlemen of honour of this county, viz. Sir *Gerrard Napper*, Mr. *Freak*, and Mr. *Tregonnel* of your doings. What ſay you?

W. Thoſe honoured gentlemen I have been with; who being by others miſinformed proceeded with ſome heat againſt me.

B. There are oaths of ſeveral honeſt men, and ſhall we take your word for it, that all is but miſinformation?

W. There was no oath given or taken. Beſides, if it be enough to accuſe, who ſhall be innocent? —I can appeal to the determination of the great *Day of Judgment*, that the large catalogue of matters laid to me, are either things invented or miſtaken.

B. Did not you ride with your ſword, in the time of the *committee of ſafety*, and engage with them?

W. Whatever imprudences in civil matters you may be informed I am guilty of, I ſhall crave leave to acquaint your lordſhip, that his Majeſty having pardoned them fully, I ſhall wave any other anſwer.

B. In what manner did the church you ſpake of ſend you to preach? At this rate every body might preach.

W. Not every one. Every body has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Beſides that is not all I have to offer to your lordſhip to juſtify my preaching.

B. If you preach it muſt be according to order, the order of the *church of England*, upon ordination?

W. What does your lordſhip mean by ordination?

B. Do not you know what I mean?

W. If you mean that ſending ſpoken of Rom. 10. I had it.

B. I mean

B. I mean that; What miſſion had you?

W. I had a miſſion from God and man.

B. You muſt have it according to law, and the order of the *church of England.*

W. I am not ſatisfied in my ſpirit therein.

B. Not ſatisfied in your ſpirit! You have more new-coined phraſes than ever where heard of! You mean your conſcience, do you not?

W. Spirit is no new phraſe. We read of being ſanctified in ſoul, body, and ſpirit.

B. By ſpirit there we are to underſtand the upper region of the ſoul.

W. Some think we are to take it for the conſcience: but if your lordſhip like it not ſo, then I ſay, I am not ſatisfied in conſcience, as touching the ordination you ſpeak of.

B. Conſcience argues ſcience, ſcience ſuppoſes judgment, and judgment reaſon. What reaſon have you that you will not be thus ordained?

W. I came not this day to diſpute with your lordſhip; my own inability would forbid me ſo to do.

B. No, no; but give me your reaſon.

W. I am not called to office; and therefore cannot be ordained.

B. Why have you then preached all this while?

W. I was called to the work of the miniſtry; though not the office. There is as we believe, *Vocatio ad opes, & ad munus.*

B. Why may you not have the office of the miniſtry?

W. May it pleaſe your lordſhip, becauſe they are not a people who are fit ſubjects for me to exerciſe office work among them.

B. You mean a gathered church: but we muſt have no gathered churches in *England*; and you will ſee it ſo. For there muſt be a unity without diviſions among us: and there can be no unity without uniformity.—Well then we muſt ſend

you

you to your church, that they may diſpoſe of you, if you were ordained by them.

W. I have been informed by my couſin *Pitfield* and others concerning your lordſhip, that you have a diſpoſition inclined againſt moroſity. However you may be prepoſſeſſed by ſome bitter enemies to my perſon: yet, there are others, who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. *Gliſſon* hath done it. And Sir *Francis Tulford* deſired me to preſent his ſervice to you, and being my hearer is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

B. I aſked Sir *Fraucis Tulford* whether the preſentation to *Whitchurch* was his: Whoſe is it? He told me it was not his.

W. There was none preſented to it theſe ſixty years, Mr. *Walton* lived there. At his departure the people deſired me to preach to them, and when there was a way of ſettlement appointed, I was by the truſtees appointed, and by the triers approved.

B. They would approve any, who would come to them and cloſe with them. I know they approved thoſe who could not read twelve lines of *Engliſh*.

W. All that they did I know not: but I was examined touching gifts and graces.

B. I queſtion not your gifts, Mr. *Weſley*, I will do you any good I can: but you will not long be ſuffered to preach, unleſs you will do according to order.

W. I ſhall ſubmit to any trial you ſhall pleaſe to make. I ſhall preſent your lordſhip with a confeſſion of my faith, or take what other way you pleaſe to inſiſt on.

B. No, we are not come to that yet.

W. I ſhall deſire thoſe ſeverals laid together, which I look on as juſtifying my preaching.

1. I was devoted to the ſervice from mine infancy.

2. I was educated in order thereto at ſchool, and in the Univerſity of *Oxford*.

B. What age are you?

W. Twenty-five.

B. No ſure, you are not.

W. 3. As a ſon of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved of by judicious able Chriſtians, Miniſters and others.

4. It pleaſed God to ſeal my labour with ſucceſs, in the apparent converſion of many ſouls.

B. Yea, that is it may be, to your way.

W. Yea, to the power of godlineſs, from ignorance and profaneneſs. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, to lay down any evidences of godlineſs, agreeing with ſcripture, and that are not found in thoſe perſons intended, I am content to be diſcharged the miniſtry. I will ſtand or fall on the iſſue thereof.

B. you talk of the power of godlineſs; ſuch as you fancy.

W. Yea to the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any common place book for evidences of graces, and they are found in and upon them.

B. How many are there of them?

W. I number not the people.

B. Where are they?

W. Wherever I have been called to preach. At *Radpole*, *Melcomb*, *Turnwood*, *Whitchurch*, and at ſea. I ſhall add another ingredient of my miſſion.

5. When the church ſaw the preſence of God going along with me, they did, by faſting and prayer, in a day ſet apart for that end, ſeek an abundant bleſſing on my endeavours.

B. A particular church?

W. Yes, my Lord, I am not aſhamed to own myſelf a member of one.

B. Why you may miſtake the Apoſtle's intent. They went about to convert Heathens. You have no warrant for your particular churches.

W. We

W. We have a plain, full and ſufficient rule for goſpel worſhip in the *New Teſtament*, recorded in the *Acts of the Apoſtles*, and in the *Epiſtles*.

B. We have not.

W. The practice of the Apoſtles is a ſtanding rule in thoſe caſes which were not extraordinary.

B. Not their practice, but their precepts.

W. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not delivered to us in ſcripture only by precepts, but precedents, by promiſes, by threatnings mixed. We are to follow them as they followed Chriſt.

B. But the Apoſtle ſaid, "This ſpeak I, not the Lord:" that is by revelation.

W. Some interpret that place, "This ſpeak I now by revelation from the Lord," not the Lord in that text before inſtanced concerning divorces. May it pleaſe your lordſhip, we believe that "caſtus not inſtitutus eſt indebitus."

B. It is falſe.

W. The ſecond commandment ſpeaks the ſame; Thou ſhalt not make to thyſelf any graven image.

B. That is, forms of your own invention.

W. Biſhop *Andrews* taking notice of "non facis tibi," ſatisfied me that we may not worſhip God, but as commanded.

B. Well then you will juſtify your preaching, will you, without ordination, according to law?

W. All theſe things, laid together, are ſatisfactory to me, for my procedure therein.

B. They are not enough.

W. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted perſons, with ſuch approbation, than has been anſwered yet by any one.

B. Have you any thing more to ſay to me, Mr. *Weſley*.

W. Nothing: your lordſhip ſent for me.

B. I am glad to hear this from your mouth, you will ſtand to your principles you ſay?

W. I intend

W. I intend it through the grace of God; and to be faithful to the King's majesty however you deal with me.

B. I will not meddle with you.

W. Farewel to you Sir.

B. Farewel good Mr. *Wesley.*

FINIS.

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